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S C E N E S
IN THE
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
AND
C A L I F O R N I A .

BY MARY E. ANDERSON.

"The isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arm shall they trust."
ISAIAH II. 5.

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NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

IN the year 1863, Rev. Rufus Anderson, D. D., senior Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, visited the Hawaiian Islands on official business connected with the missionary work of that institution. He was accompanied, in that visit, by his wife and daughter, the latter of whom preserved some memoranda of the journey and the scenes to which it introduced her, for the gratification of her friends. From these notes the present volume has been prepared. The interest which the friends of missions in this country have long cherished for that people—youngest born in the family of Christian nations—will lead them to welcome these unpretending sketches, as affording both instruction and entertainment to themselves and their children.

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THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.



I.

From New York to Aspinwall.



ELL us a story, aunty, — tell us a story,” came in pleading tones from a group of children ; and they watched my face with eager eyes to see if I looked willing.

“ A story, children ; what shall it be about ? ”

“ About the places you went to while you were gone, and the people you saw.”

“ Now, aunty,” said Carrie, who was one of the older ones, “ we are going to be here a whole month, and if you will tell us a

story every day, we shall know all about your journey."

I thought the matter over for a few minutes. "Well, children," said I, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you will promise to get your work done nicely every day by four o'clock, I will tell you a story until tea-time."

"A bargain! a bargain!" shouted the children.

It was winter when we went away, you remember, though there was no snow on the ground. We went on board the steamer *Ocean Queen*, in New York, on the 12th of January. Uncle George went down with us, and what a crowd there was on the wharf, — men and boys, coachmen and porters! It was some time before our carriage could get inside the wharf-gates, and when I got out, it seemed as if horses' heads were all about me; but seeing Uncle George was

not afraid, I took courage, and keeping close behind him, soon left the horses. I found the people were worse than the horses; but after many jostlings and pushings, I got into the saloon, safe and sound, all but a rent in my dress.

Grandma and I stayed there, while grandpa and Uncle George went to look after the baggage. Strangers were all around us, and we couldn't tell who were our fellow-voyagers, and who not. Soon one and another of our friends came to say good-by. It was all very much confused, and we were glad finally when we were actually off.

Then I took a look at the stateroom where we were to spend ten nights. What a little box, almost too small to turn round in! — and our berths had so little space between them that we couldn't sit up at all. We went to bed early, quite disgusted with sea-life to begin with, and were wondering how we could get along for ten days

thus cooped up, with hard beds, and not much to eat; for we had had no dinner that day, when — crash! a shock — and the machinery stopped! What could it be? Heads were popped out of staterooms, and “What’s the matter?” was in every mouth. We had run into a small schooner, which had imprudently tried to cross our bows. For an hour there was noise overhead, — men running across the deck; and then all was still, only the thump, thump of our engine; so we went to sleep, thanking our Heavenly Father that no worse thing had happened to us.

“Aunty,” said Harry, “what became of the poor schooner?”

We gave her one of our boats, and the captain thought he could get her into port; but she leaked badly, and I afterwards heard he had to run her ashore on some beach just out of New York.

Next morning, in my forgetfulness, I

attempted to sit up in my berth, and gave my head a great bump on grandma's berth. On the third night out we had a heavy gale, and one of our sails was blown away with a noise like that of a cannon.

"Aunty," said little Alice, "do steamers have sails?"

Yes, we always had a sail on the foremast; it steadies the ship, and if the wind is right helps the vessel. Almost every body was seasick during that gale, for it lasted two days. We went scarcely a hundred miles, and were off Savannah when it cleared up.

"Oh, I know where Savannah is," said Harry; "it was in my last geography lesson."

When Sabbath came, it was very rough, so we could not have preaching. We sung a few hymns, but were rather quiet, when the cry, "Porpoises! porpoises!" made us run to the side of the vessel; and sure

enough, there was a whole school of them rolling along in great glee. They are light brown fishes, varying in shade, some four feet long, some less. The female and young keep side by side, and leap out of the water at the same time. They jump out of the white crest of one wave into the next, racing along, seeming to try and keep up with the ship. It was very exciting, and the passengers shouted ; for, excepting a few birds, they were the first living thing out of the ship we had seen for six days. All the rest of that day we were running so near the Florida coast that we could see the green trees on shore. We could hardly believe it was mid-winter. The water looked shallow, and we grazed the end of a sand-bank, after which they kept the vessel farther from the shore. We saw some great green sea-turtles that day ; they were about three feet long. Our wheel turned one over on his back. I wanted to watch him ; but we soon left him far, far behind.

We went round by the west of Cuba, to keep out of the way of the pirate Alabama. Monday morning, about nine o'clock, we came in sight of a gunboat. Soon after passing her, boom! went her cannon, and we came to a stand-still. She sent her boat with an officer, who came on board and got newspapers. That gunboat is stationed there to give warning of pirates, I suppose, and she is required to stop every vessel. The final excitement was left for Tuesday morning, when we were near Cape San Antonio, Cuba. While at breakfast, word came that there were two steamers ahead. It was whispered about that the larger was the Alabama; so we all went on deck to get a good look. Though they showed the Union flag, we were rather suspicious of them; and when they both started in pursuit and fired their cannon, our captain steamed in toward the land; for if vessels get within three miles of a neutral shore, no

hostile craft can touch them. We came to anchor in plain sight of Cuba's green hills, and waited anxiously for our pursuers, who had fired a second cannon. They both lowered a boat. We feared we should see the rebel rag, but were joyful when our own stars and stripes were unrolled to the breeze. The vessels proved to be the *Wachusett*, Com. Wilkes's flag-ship, and the gunboat *Sonoma*, Capt. Stevens. So there ended our fright about pirates. For the next two days we were sailing across the Caribbean Sea, and on Friday, Jan. 23, about eight o'clock in the evening, went up Navy Bay to the wharf at Aspinwall. It was too dark to see the groves of coconuts on shore ; so I had to wait for my view of tropical trees until morning.

There is the tea-bell ; so we shall have to pause here until to-morrow.

II.

Isthmus of Darien.



As soon as the clock struck four, Carrie, Alice, Willie, and Harry reminded me of my promise, and having all finished their work, were ready for story Number Two.

“Aunty,” said Carrie, “Alice and I have finished our squares of patchwork, and Willie and Harry have weeded that flower-bed for grandpa; so you see we have done our part of the bargain, and now we have come for your part.”

I’m all ready for my part, said I.

Before we arrived at Aspinwall, old travelers told us that if we got there before ten at night, we should have to leave the steamer and go to the hotels. We were, therefore, selfishly relieved to find that all the hotels had been burned to the ground about Christmas time. So we stayed on board the steamer that night, and how glad we were to think it was our last night there. We heard that the steamer upon which we were to embark on the other side was a very large one, and about five in the morning, after a comfortless breakfast of poor coffee without milk, and hard bread, we turned our back on the Ocean Queen, without regret. A stout, half-naked negro shouldered our baggage, and we were actually treading the soil of the Isthmus of Darien.

“Did he carry your trunks, aunty?” said Willie.

Oh, no, dear, we had our trunks all

weighed the day before. We were only allowed fifty pounds of baggage apiece, and for all over that we had to pay ten cents for every pound. They gave grandpa checks for the trunks ; so the man only took our bags and deck chairs. He took what we ourselves couldn't carry.

On the beach near us, was the stranded wreck of the British ship *Avon*, a large, noble vessel, lying on her side. In a gale some time ago, she dragged her anchors, I believe, and was blown by the wind far up on the sand.

It was quite a picturesque scene at the cars, in the early morning light. We passed through a small grove of cocoa-nuts. I really was disappointed in them ; but these were dwarf-trees, and not good samples. The passengers were standing in groups with their bags at their feet, or on the head of some native near by. The cars were before us, and native women passed

about with their waiters of fruit and cakes. They were dressed in white or light-colored muslin or calico skirts, flounced, torn, and dirty; a white chemise, with a ruffle round the neck trimmed with lace, and a bandanna handkerchief tied round the head completed their toilet. In a picture it would look very well; as it was, one dreaded too close a contact, they were so dirty. Some of their attitudes were very graceful. The men had on shirts and pantaloons, the former generally worn as a sack. After much scrambling, we were seated in the cars, hot and disgusted.

“Hot, aunty, and in January too?” said Carrie.

If you look on your map, you will find that Aspinwall is not very far from the equator. They have no winter there, and the sun is very powerful.

Soon after we started, all other feelings were lost in intense delight at the luxuriant

tropical verdure about us. Aspinwall is on a coral island close to the shore, and is low and unhealthy. The name of the island is Manzanilla. The natives call the town Colon, from Columbus or Christoval Colon, as his name is in Spanish. The railroad was five years in being built, under almost unheard-of difficulties; and any person going over it might learn to appreciate some of them, after seeing the rich, tangled, luxuriant vegetation in the low, wet grounds. How I longed to know the names of the beautiful flowers fringing the road; but no one could tell me. First we passed through a swamp of purple and white azaleas; then one of snowy callas; then near a bank hidden from view by heavy morning-glory vines in bloom, still dripping with dew. We saw a great many specimens of what I was told was the "long palm;" it looked to me like a kind of brake or fern, with drooping branches twenty feet in length. There

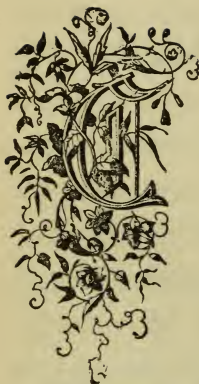
were trees with hardly a leaf; but each branch and twig crowned with orange-yellow blossoms. Again we would see a tree covered with feathery, purple flowers. Along some parts of the way, was a profusion of "Indian shot," so called, I suppose, because the seeds are black, hard, and round, looking like large shot. Here and there drooped a vine with brilliant scarlet blossoms. Once in a while we would see the deep green of the orange-tree, or the lighter foliage of the lemon, and finally a banana-tree, with its bunch of fruit, gladdened my eyes. There were many trees with parasitic plants growing on them, looking as if ropes were hanging from them. It is said that if one of these groves of ferns on the Isthmus is cut down, in three months the vegetation has grown so rapidly as to look as if no human hand had ever interfered with them. One wanted several pairs of eyes to take in all the beauty of the scene.

There were various way-stations upon the railroad, having neat white houses, with a piazza upon both stories. Before and around some of them are pretty gardens, with bright flowers, conspicuous among them being our fragrant roses, such as rarely bloom with us except in green-houses. We passed many native huts grouped in small villages, with their inhabitants sitting in the doorway or lounging about the premises, the children running round half naked or entirely so. Most of these people are freed Jamaica slaves. They seemed to be a happy but indolent race. Fruits grow about them with such prodigality as to require but little exertion to obtain the necessities of life. Their huts are made of bamboo rods, thatched with palm-leaves.

But there is the tea-bell.

III.

Panama.



COME, come, aunty," shouted Willie, "the clock has struck four; so put down your sewing, and tell us about Panama. We've finished our work beautifully, grandma says." So I began.

When we reached Panama, about nine o'clock, it was very warm and sultry. The soil is sandy. Though the present city of Panama is not more than two hundred years old, it has an ancient and dilapidated appearance. The climate is such that even the stones decay, and worms destroy the wood. The houses are all tiled

and look oddly enough. The tiles resemble the half of an earthen water-pipe, and are of a light brick-color. We had quite a laugh on the wharf at our grotesque appearance, likening ourselves to emigrants; for our bags, chairs, shawls, and umbrellas were all laid in a heap, and grandma and I sat on them, while grandpa went off to make arrangements for going on board the steamer, or spending the day in the city. The natives bowed before us with their baskets of fruit, which they offered for sale.

“What fruit was it, aunty?” asked little Alice.

Mangoes, pineapples, limes, oranges, and bananas. They had also rolls, cakes, and pies. Then some came with the native wine, and with milk and lemonade, which the man said was “nice lomonard!”

We decided to stay in Panama until afternoon, when a small boat would take us off to our noble steamship, the Constitution.

We left our baggage at the station, and took the railway omnibus, drawn by mules, which were driven by a negro, up to the "first-class hotel,—the Aspinwall House." He took us a distance of half a mile, perhaps, at the moderate charge of fifty cents apiece! The streets of Panama are very narrow, and the driver had to call out every once in a while to clear the road, so that we might pass. The hotel is built round a court. The parlor is in the third story, and is quite comfortably furnished, while from the walls hang oil paintings, which, with their frames, might in New York be worth two dollars and a half apiece. Two long windows opened out on a balcony, and commanded a view of the hoary tiled roofs of the city. There was a center-table in the room, which interested me much. It had pictures pasted under the varnish, some colored, some not. There was a pair of scissors, a pen, a needle-case, wafers, — all looking just as if

you could pick them up. What a nice breakfast we had there ! every thing tasted so good on shore.

“Aunty,” said Harry, “tell us what you had for breakfast.”

Let me see if I can remember. First we had fish and eggs, with fried potatoes and bananas. Then we had beefsteak, coffee, tea, and all the usual variety of a good repast.

After breakfast, we sallied out to see the sights. We walked across the public square, down to the fortifications, and there gathered some beautiful yellow flowers, which I pressed. We saw plenty of natives in their scant dresses. One little black fellow I was particularly amused with. He had on a little blue shirt, which his mother had tied up in a knot in the middle of his back ; and there he was enjoying his mud pies, and keeping his clothes clean too. We walked down on the beach outside the city

walls ; for Panama is a walled town. Here we picked up shells on the sand. The little crabs were very thick, and scampered away from under our feet to their sandy holes, the opening of which looked as round and even as if made by a cane, — just such as I used to make when I was a little girl, after a hard rain, with the tip of my umbrella. As we wandered over the rocks, for it was low tide, we found an exquisite little natural aquarium, all stocked with its tiny inhabitants. It was a circular rock, with two irregular terraces, and at its top a little basin, deep here and shallow there ; its bottom was all covered with little spots of pearly whiteness, looking as if inlaid. The little shell-fish clung lovingly to its side ; the crabs, in their borrowed tenements, crept securely about ; and the funny little fishes darted through the cool, clear waters. Many a wealthy nobleman would like to have that treasure of nature in his garden ;

yet perhaps no human eye had ever noted its beauty before.

“Aunty, what do you mean by the borrowed tenements of the crabs?” asked Carrie.

There is one kind of crab that likes to live in a shell; so if they find one empty, they take possession of it; they are called “hermit crabs.” We often used to pick up a shell with a crab in it.

At three o'clock we went to the cathedral, which was open at that hour. The front of it is rather imposing; but the doors are roughly boarded up, and do not look as well as our common barn-doors. We went in at a side-door. There are many shrines adorned with tinsel and cotton lace, but neither beautiful nor pleasing. There was a little girl, a child of one of our fellow-passengers, in the cathedral; and knowing that grandpa was a minister, she walked up to him and said, “Do you preach here?”

The chief features of interest to me were the pointed towers at either side of the front, which are roofed with pearl shells. Pearls of great beauty are found on various parts of the coast, and there are stores particularly devoted to the sale of them. We visited the ruins of a Jesuit college, also the old church of San Domingo. Some of the arches in the latter are well preserved, and are crested with beautiful shrubs and vines in full bloom. The natives called us "Americanos" as we passed. About four, we took our places again in the omnibus, and in a little while were at the wharf, where we bought a supply of bananas, oranges, and pineapples. Embarking again on the little steam-tug, we enjoyed a pleasant sail across the Bay of Panama, with the city and its crumbling walls behind us. In about half an hour we came in sight of a large fleet of steamers; for it is here the company keep their spare vessels. Among

them were the St. Louis, California, Guatemala, and our own beautiful Constitution, — larger and finer than any of the others, with our old voyage companions smiling their greetings over its side. It seemed a long while since we had seen them, and it was quite like getting home to have them about us.

We lay at anchor all night, and the next morning, Jan. 25, at six o'clock, our Pacific voyage commenced. We passed in the bay the mountainous island Toboga, with a pretty little village lying snugly cradled at its base. From this island's cool, clear, springs, the drinking water of Panama, is obtained.

“Don't they have wells in Panama?” inquired Carrie.

Yes; but the water is brackish and warm.

“What is ‘brackish,’ aunty?” said Alice. Having a salt taste, — not pure. Our

Constitution was very different from the Ocean Queen, it being very clean and sweet. When we went on board, the dinner-table was set in the long saloon, and every thing looked as in our best hotels. We occupied a nice stateroom, having a French bed with curtains, a sofa, a mirror on the wall, and some very convenient shelves. We had, also, good washing arrangements; so that we were well settled for a two weeks' voyage. There were three waiters to each table, while there was but one on the other steamer. The dessert was prettily arranged, on tables at either end of the saloon. All the orders were given by a bell. The waiters went together to the dessert-tables, and each took a dish of pudding, or cake, or fruit and nuts, perhaps. The bell struck, and they moved in procession to their places, when at another signal they placed the dishes upon the table.

Ah! there is *our* bell, and we must go. Carrie, you may head the procession.

IV.

From Panama to San Francisco.



“AUNT, where are you?” cried little Alice, and then a gentle knock on my door reminded me that it was four o’clock. “We are all ready waiting in the sitting-room, and Fanny Mason is there, too, because she wants to hear our stories. You are willing; an’t you, aunty?”

Oh, yes, Alice, any of your friends may come that wish. So I took my little pet’s hand, and went down to my waiting group to tell my story.

We had beautiful summer weather, and

quite forgot that it was January. On the 29th we passed a distant volcano, and early in the morning saw the smoke at its summit. The name of the volcano is Colenso, and it is in Guatemala. It was first seen in the night, and our men sent up a rocket as a signal, supposing it to be the light of another steamer, but they soon saw their mistake.

The coast is mountainous all the way to San Francisco ; we kept it in sight nearly all the time except when crossing the Gulfs of Tehuantepec and California. The sea was almost invariably smooth.

We arrived at Acapulco, in Mexico, Saturday, Jan. 31, at daybreak ; having sailed 1,440 miles in six days. As grandpa and grandma were not going on shore, I had not thought of doing so ; but quite a party of our acquaintance went, and I was invited to join them. I was glad to go ; for I longed to step on Mexican soil.

We had a native boat and four rowers.

The sail was a very pleasant one, and we were soon on the low, sandy beach. Part of the town was destroyed by an earthquake two years ago ; but the adobe houses are so simply constructed that they can be rebuilt with little difficulty.

“ What are *adobe* houses ? ” asked Carrie.

Houses built of hardened clay. They take a mold like the sides of a box with the bottom out, and press it full of mud ; when turned out, it looks like a great mud brick, and is left for the sun to dry.

We went up to the market-place, where the Mexican women, children, and dogs were all huddled together, with their wares spread out in most tempting array ; coral, colored with most brilliant dyes ; shells of various kinds, some on long strings like necklaces, and some single and highly polished. Fruits were plenty, — bananas, granadas, oranges, and limes. We had our chocolate and eggs ordered ; but just at that moment, boom !

went our ship's cannon to recall us, so we had to go back without our breakfast ; but we took some beautiful flowers and a few shells. The forts had been bombarded by the French about a month before, but looked as if they were little injured. The harbor is small, but one of the finest on the whole Pacific coast. The native boys swam out to the ship, and would dive for silver coin thrown to them. It was astonishing to see how far down in the water they would go for it, and almost invariably get it. Then they would put it in their mouths, and be ready for another. One boy, the quickest of the lot, must have had a dozen pieces in his mouth at one time.

A shark and a devil-fish came near the ship —

“ A *devil-fish!* ” the children all exclaimed ;
“ *why*, what sort of a fish is that ? ”

It is very large, having a pointed head with projecting fins of great breadth, trian-

gular and resembling wings, making the fish broader than it is long, even including the tail. The encyclopædia says one was caught in the Atlantic, off Delaware Bay, in 1823, which was so heavy as to require three pairs of oxen, a horse, and several men to drag it ashore. It weighed about five tons, and measured seventeen and a quarter feet long, and eighteen feet broad; the skin was blackish-brown, and underneath, black and white; its mouth was two feet nine inches wide, and the skull five feet. One was captured in the harbor of Kingston on the island of Jamaica, which had strength enough to drag three or four boats fastened together at the rate of four miles an hour. The mouth of this one was four and a half feet wide, and three feet deep, large enough to contain the body of a man.

The day after we left Acapulco was the Sabbath, and we had service in the saloon in the morning, which made it seem quite

like a home Sabbath, and many were delighted to have a "real Sunday." A table was covered with an American flag; this was the pulpit. The Bible was laid on it, and grandpa preached. We sat around on the saloon sofas. The captain could not attend, as we were nearing the town of Manzanilla. Just as the sermon was finished, we stopped before that picturesque village. I believe the town proper is inland. The few houses on the shore looked very neat, being white-washed, making a very pretty contrast with the deep green of the lofty hills beyond.

After two hours' sail from Manzanilla, we passed the wreck of the steamer Golden Gate, which was burned some time since, causing the loss of so many lives. Vessels are stationed there to procure treasure from the wreck, and we received from them more than two hundred thousand dollars to carry to San Francisco.

One of our officers was on the Golden

Gate when it was burned, and he told some thrilling stories of the disaster. A great many strong, grown people were drowned in the terrible surf ; yet one little baby, only six weeks old, floated safely to the shore. God took care of her, you see. The men carried her by turns, as they walked their weary way over the mountains to Manzanilla, and fed her with scraped potato, a barrel of potatoes having washed ashore.

How many sorrowful feelings were called up by the sight of that one wheel lying on the beach ; for that is all that is left of the ill-fated Golden Gate ! How many lives were lost in those peaceful waters over which we were sailing so pleasantly ! Our officers told us that it was just such a bright, beautiful day ; but the surf here is very high, and with our glass we could see it foaming and tossing on the beach. In our hearts many of us thanked God for our present safety, and prayed him to save us from such

a fate. Just before we neared the wreck, we passed by some rocks on the coast, looking just like a ruined castle, with beautiful green trees all around them, as if it were a nobleman's garden.

It is not easy to keep the Sabbath properly on one of these ocean steamers; for little distinction is observed in the days by the crew. We did, however, the best we could. It seemed more like the Sabbath in the evening, when a goodly number of us collected together in the saloon, and sung hymns and tunes, just as many of us would have done were we in our loved homes, so far away. That night we commenced crossing the Gulf of California, and all day Monday we saw no land. Almost every evening we walked upon the upper deck, which was a very fine promenade three hundred and seventy feet long.

Tuesday we saw Cape St. Lucas, which you know is the end of the long peninsula

of California, and were in sight of the shore all the way after that. I was constantly surprised at the grandeur of this western coast, with its magnificent chains of mountains, rising peak above peak, and fleecy clouds resting on their summits. There was no break in these chains all the way to San Francisco. I heard them called the backbone of America, and they are among the grandest works of the Creator. After passing Cape St. Lucas, we had colder weather.

But I must not forget to tell you of my going around the ship, with the commodore, when he was "inspecting" it. Grandma was not well enough to go, but grandpa and I went. How I wish you could have peeped with me into all the cupboards and utensils, and have seen how neat every thing was, — the dishes were so white, the glasses so clear, and the tins so bright! The commodore rubbed his fingers inside of a kettle, and if they were the least bit soiled, it

would have to be done over again. On one shelf was a great pile of loaves of bread. We went into the slaughter-room, to see the butcher's establishment; it was as clean and sweet as a kitchen. The little lamb, three days old, was brought out for my amusement, and doubtless pleased its mamma very much by showing off, and saying "baa," like a dutiful child! What a funny party we were, the portly commodore with your small aunty leaning on his arm, he sliding through narrow doors sideways, pulling me after him; then tall grandpa, and our little thin surgeon following in his train! I asked the head steward to tell me how much he cooked every day for all on board. We had about five hundred passengers, beside officers and crew. He told me fifty gallons of soup, fifty pounds of mutton, ninety pounds of pork, four hundred and seventy-five pounds of beef, sixteen pounds of ham, twenty-four chickens, ten

turkeys, eight hundred pounds of potatoes, two barrels of flour, making two hundred and twenty-five loaves of bread, fifty pies, forty-five pounds of butter, five pounds of lard, five pounds of cheese, and ten gallons of milk. Just think what a great boarding-house our steamer was !

On the 7th of February, we entered the "Golden Gate" of California, and about four o'clock were at the wharf at San Francisco.

"The *Golden Gate* !" said wee Alice, in astonishment, "They don't really have a golden gate ; do they ?"

We all laughed at the little one's earnestness, and then I told her it was only a narrow entrance to San Francisco Bay, perhaps a mile wide between the headlands.

"Well, what do they call it so for ?" said she.

I suppose because a great many who went to California thought they would get

a great deal of gold, and as they all went through that narrow entrance, it was called the Golden Gate.

“Supper, supper,” here cried grandma. “Don’t you hear the bell?” and again it sounded its merry summons to tea.

V.

San Francisco.



ABOUT," said Willie at my elbow, "we are waiting for you. You know we arrived at San Francisco yesterday, and we want to hear about it now." So I went down to my little flock of listeners.

We stayed at the "Lick House" on Montgomery Street, —

"*Lick House!*" cried Harry. "What a funny name! What made them call it so?"

It was named for a Mr. Lick, who built it. It is a very nice hotel, and we were very glad to be again on land.

It took our friends but a short time to find out we were there ; for we received some calls before we had our bonnets off, and they continued to come until bedtime. Beds ! — how delightful to get into a real bed again after being so long in berths ; for though, on the Constitution, grandpa and grandma had a bed, I had my narrow shelf.

The next day was the Sabbath. We attended Rev. Mr. Lacy's church in the morning, and heard Rev. Mr. Bartlett of Santa Cruz preach. In the afternoon, we went out to the "Mission Dolores," to the installation of Rev. Mr. Beckwith. We were glad to arrive in California in time to see him installed, and it was pleasant for grandpa and Mr. Beckwith to meet again ; for the latter was once the President of Oahu College in the Sandwich Islands. All day Monday, friends came to see us, and were so cordial and kind that it did our hearts good.

Tuesday afternoon, thanks to a kind friend, we went to ride. How delightful it was to be in a carriage again, on a good road, with fine horses, after our imprisonment on board ship! Some of the streets are paved with planks, some partially so; others are very sandy, while some are hard and smooth. We rode over the hills southwest of San Francisco, where we got a fine view of the city and parts of the bay. I had expected to find San Francisco a level place; but it is just the reverse; for it is built on several very high hills. They have been slashed and cut into unmercifully, which greatly injures the looks of the older part of the city. We had a fast trot on the beach near the Ocean House. What a surf! White-crested billows came roaring and tumbling in, seeming as if ready to engulf us. We passed a poor shattered fragment of a recent wreck, now almost imbedded in the sand, and it made me

shudder to think of being wrecked on that cruel shore. It was a vessel but a little smaller than the one we were to sail in; and I sent up a silent petition to our heavenly Father to save us from such a calamity. Our good friend often stopped the carriage to pick us wild-flowers, which were beginning to fringe the roadside, and told us that only a few weeks hence these hills would be rainbow-hued with countless blossoms. Roses grow here in the gardens all the year round, and bouquets graced our table while we remained. On our way back, we rode through the "Mission Dolores," the seat of an old Catholic mission, and stopped at the church, an ancient looking adobe building, with a tiled roof like the Panama houses. We peeped in; then walked through the burying-ground adjoining, where bloomed a great variety of flowers, among them some beautiful tea-roses. I wanted very much to pick just one; but I saw a notice as I went

in, asking us not to do so ; and I thought if every visitor plucked even one rose, there would soon be none left. Late in the evening, a beautiful bouquet was handed me, and beside it was one fair, white, exquisite rosebud, which my kind friend said he brought me because I was so good at the burying-ground. You see how much more enjoyment I had over my beautiful flowers, because I refrained from despoiling the grave.

The next day, February 11, we bade good-by to our friends, and went down to the wharf. Some of our fellow-voyagers still continued with us, going on to China, after leaving us at the Sandwich Islands. We went off in a boat to our clipper ship *Archer*, and were hoisted over the vessel's side in a chair, with the Union Jack wrapped round us.

“What's the *Union Jack*?” asked Willie.

It is a blue flag with white stars. How

strange it seemed! — the little boat below me, and the black ship's side near, while I went up, up, up, swung over the rail, and was let down on deck, landing in a group of my fellow-passengers. That was the way they all came. The wind blew hard, and we dragged our anchor; so the vessel "dropped down," as the sailors said, to the lower part of the city, near Meig's wharf. Here we remained two days, while a storm raged outside the Golden Gate.

Friday, February 13th, we started again, and just after the pilot left us, we were becalmed on the bar, just opposite the terrible breakers I had seen while riding. Here we anchored. The sea was rough and disagreeable, and our captain longed for a stiff breeze to take us out; for it was not a very safe place to be in. Early in the night, we were glad to hear the chain-cable taken on board, and to know that we were actually on our voyage after so many delays.

“Aunty,” said Carrie, “I have frequently read of ships ‘crossing the bar;’ what does it mean?”

There is often a place at the mouth of a river, or at the entrance of a harbor or bay, where the sand is washed up in a sort of bank, making the water shallow just there, so that large ships have to wait until high tide, or when the water is deepest over those sand-banks or bars, to come in.

There were seventeen passengers on board; but we were not all of us on deck together for six days, because the sea was so very rough in consequence of the storm, by which we had been detained in San Francisco Bay. On the 19th of February, we got into the trade-winds, which gave us a steady breeze in the right direction, and for two days we had twenty-eight sails set most of the time. I longed to be where I could get a good view of the ship with so many sails out; for I thought she must look finely.

We had a Chinese steward on board —

“What does a *steward* do on a ship?” interrupted Harry.

He takes charge of the table and provisions, and often acts as cook. He had a hard time in securing the dishes; for notwithstanding the racks, the vessel rolled so that knives and forks slipped off as if they had wings. Racks are narrow strips, an inch or two high, upon each edge of the table, and two in the middle, with about a foot's distance between them. These keep the dishes in place when it is rough. It really did seem as if the worst rolls came while we were at meals; I suppose we noticed them more then. Sometimes there was a general slide, and the passengers would seize a tea-cup with one hand, or a vegetable-dish, or a chicken, while all held on by the table with the other.

Thursday night, the 26th of February, found us off a headland on the island of

Oahu, and there we spent our first quiet night since leaving San Francisco. There was a buoy near us, marking the channel. It looked like a square plank, and was anchored with a bell upon it, which, as the waves rolled it back and forth, tolled with a mournful sound.

But there's a bell that doesn't sound mournful. It says, "Come to tea!"

VI.

Honolulu.



HE clock had hardly finished striking four, when I heard Harry coming up-stairs two at a time, and “Hurra for the Sandwich Islands!” sounded at my door. So I laid down my work, and was soon in my usual seat.

I had been told by some persons from the islands that I must not expect to find every where a green and tropical verdure ; for much of the country was barren, unfruitful lava. I was up on deck bright and early, to see this far-off part of the world. There was “Diamond Head” before me, an extinct

volcanic mountain, of a sort of reddish dust-color, with its top fallen in, and without a tree or spear of grass. Ah ! I thought, with a sigh, if all the islands are like this, it is well to warn people not to expect too much. Soon we moved our position, and sailed toward the port of Honolulu. Then we neared the land, and the pretty little village of Waikiki, with its thatched cottages snugly reposing in a tall cocoa-nut grove ; then the green trees of Honolulu, and the extinct crater of the "Punchbowl," its summit fallen in too. But a rent in its side showed us that it was bright and green within, forming a huge meadow with its ragged sides. All these opened before us, in delightful contrast to the desolated crater first seen.

We passed "Telegraph Hill," and soon, in answer to a signal, our flags were hoisted, and it was known in Honolulu, that the clipper ship Archer, from San Francisco, was outside with a mail ; and in less than an

hour the postmaster's boat was alongside. Mr. Whitney, the editor of the "Pacific Advertiser," came, also, in his boat to get news and papers. The captain gave the passengers leave to go on shore, and stay till three o'clock, and most of them by the courtesy of Mr. Whitney went in his boat. But the captain claimed two good missionary ladies, who were on their way to Japan, and ourselves as his party; so we waited until he was ready; then we took our seats in the chair, wrapped again in the Union Jack, and were hoisted over into the boat. Just as this pushed off, and we were looking up to the vessel's side, over which were leaning the smiling, kind-hearted sailors, the captain called out, "Boys, can't you give three cheers for the doctor?" Off came every cap, and three rousing hurras filled the air, bringing tears to our eyes, through which we took our last look at the beautiful ship Archer. Then we turned with curi-

osity to see these islands, so new and strange. I was in quite a puzzle to know how we were going through the surf without upsetting our boat, but there was a break in the coral reef which afforded us a safe entrance. On the wharf were a good many people watching our approach, and we recognized the familiar faces of some missionaries together with those of our fellow-passengers who had landed before us. Many a hearty hand-grasp was given us as we jumped upon the wharf, the passengers saying "Good-by," and our missionary friends giving their warm welcomes to the islands.

After thanking our good captain for his kindness to us, we rode to Rev. Mr. Clark's where our home was to be for a time. We were now actually at the end of our long voyage; and we thanked our heavenly Father for preserving us through dangers seen and unseen. The house itself looked hospitable, — a two-story white building, with

a double piazza, all covered by a vine resembling the grape, its bunches of brown seeds making the deception more complete. The doors and windows were all open. I was shown up to a quiet room with white curtains and bed-draperies, from which an open door led out upon the upper piazza and its green festoons of vine. What a relief to eyes that had so long gazed only on the boundless sea !

The missionaries had heard of the arrival of grandpa and grandma, and soon we were told there were callers below ; so down we went. What a scene ! enough to repay us for all our long journey. There were many whom we had known at our own house, but whom we never dreamed of seeing in their missionary home. Heart met heart then ; some were so happy that they cried, and tears were in our own eyes too. Thirty-seven called that day, and we were very weary when night dropped her curtain. Saturday was the same, — callers all day.

The children of missionaries on these islands have formed an association among themselves which they call the "Cousin's Society." There was to be a meeting of this society on Saturday night at Oahu College, Punahou; so we all went, starting about dark. After driving up a winding carriage-road, there burst suddenly upon us a fairy scene. The principal building was low, with trees and vines about it, and it seemed one blaze of light. The rooms were decorated with exquisite flowers and ferns, and the young ladies and gentlemen were in their gala dresses. Forty "Cousins" were present that night. Grandpa made an address to them, after President Mills had welcomed us. They edit a paper in their society called the "Maile Wreath." Maile [My-le] is a beautiful vine that grows on the islands, and is often used for wreaths. We had some fine music that evening; for many of the "Cousins" sing and play beautifully.

After we had been home awhile, about a dozen of these, on their return, stopped and serenaded us.

The next day was the Sabbath, — our first Sabbath in what used to be a heathen land. The church-bells rung just as sweetly as in our beloved America, and the same stillness reigned throughout the town. It was like a home Sabbath. What a change in forty-three years! We went to the mission-church in the morning. It is a large stone edifice of block coral, one hundred and forty-four feet long and seventy-eight wide, and was one of the first objects we saw after passing Diamond Head. It was commenced in 1838, and was five years in building, at a cost of about thirty thousand dollars. Just think of people, who, only twenty-five years before, were in the depths of heathen darkness, building such a church, and by voluntary contributions too! They had a public meeting, and the king subscribed three

thousand dollars, and others gave their pledges until the sum reached six thousand dollars. We should think that doing very well in one of our own enlightened Christian assemblies. Notwithstanding their poverty, they subscribed willingly. We, with all our conveniences for building, can hardly realize the labor bestowed on that church. The timber had to be cut in the mountain forests, and dragged by hand down to the coast. The stone was dug out of the coral reefs, and a quantity of coral had to be gathered and burned for lime. All this the people did willingly, and without pay, and the carpenters and masons gave their work freely. It was done unto the Lord.

In that church, which will doubtless stand for ages, we met a large body of natives. Grandpa made a speech to them which Rev. Mr. Clark interpreted. The church was very full. The natives are fond of bright colors, and dress in red and yellow a great

deal. The women's dresses are made just like yoke night-gowns, falling to the feet without being confined at the waist at all. The men often wear their shirts outside of their pantaloons like a sack, and sometimes a coat is put on above that, making the effect rather ludicrous. Bonnets the women wear of all kinds, but principally small ones of very old styles. These were perched on the very top of the head, and were sometimes trimmed with ribbons of five or six colors. In the afternoon we went to church again. The preacher was a blind native, Pohaku, and he preached so easily, naming the hymn and repeating it just as if he was reading it, that one would never imagine he was blind.

We shook hands with four or five hundred natives that day, saying "aloha," which means "love to you," "good-will," and is their common salutation. They crowded around us, and sometimes two would get

hold of my hand at once. A hand would come over a shoulder, another under an elbow, and round unheard-of corners, all expressing joy and friendship.

But we must hear the rest of Honolulu to-morrow.

VII.

Honolulu continued.



HE first great event of the week was a dinner-party at Mr. Wyllie's, the minister of foreign affairs. He is a Scotchman, and wore his official badges: a broad blue band crossing his vest, with the royal coat of arms fastening it together on the hip just below the waist of his dress-coat; also a star on his breast, and two long streamers of crape hanging from his left arm in memory of the young Prince of Hawaii who died last year.

At either end of the dining-hall hung

three banners from a standard, — his Scottish manorial flags, I presume ; they gave a showy look to the room. On the center of the table was a magnificent standard of silver with a lovely bouquet of flowers. When the dessert was brought in, this was replaced by a branching standard filled with fruit, more elegant still. After the dessert, came a rich and chaste drinking-bowl of silver lined with gold, from which each was desired to sip a little wine to the health of Lady Franklin, who had once been his guest, and who presented him the cup.

In the evening, about a dozen young people took a moonlight walk up Punch-bowl, the extinct volcano just back of Honolulu. It is apparently a round cone, about five or six hundred feet high. The side we ascended was steep, ragged, and rocky ; but the view of Honolulu from that elevation is very fine. The taro patches were of a deep green, the coral reefs in the harbor

snowy white. The town with its thatched houses lay quiet beneath us, while old Diamond Head loomed up in solitary and barren grandeur in the distance. We had some fine singing from members of the party, and the air was so clear and the night so still that it was heard at a long distance.

“*Taro patches*, aunty? What are they?”

Taro is a vegetable somewhat resembling the calla-lily, the roots of which are good for food.

There are two kinds of it, — wet and dry. The wet is grown under water. Square beds are made, two or more feet deep, in which the taro is planted; then the water is let in at one end, and flows out of the other, thus keeping running water upon the bed all the time. It requires about a year for the plant to get its growth. The natives bake the root in their stone ovens, which are large holes in the ground. They place at the bottom of the oven a quantity of wood and

over it a heap of stones, which are heated thoroughly by the burning wood ; then the pig, chicken, potatoes, or whatever else they wish to cook, are laid on the stones, leaves being wrapped around them to keep them clean, a little water is thrown on, and the whole is covered with earth. The water comes gradually in contact with the stones, and is converted into steam, which, with the heat of the stones, in a few hours cooks the food.

After the taro is baked, they peel it with a shell, and pound it with a stone pestle in wooden trays, mixing with it water ; then they set it away to ferment. When ready for use, it has a sort of lavender color, and is acid. They call it *poi* ; it tastes like yeast or sour flour paste, and is eaten with coarse salt. The natives eat with it raw fish. This is the favorite Hawaiian dish.

“ *Raw* fish, aunty ? ” said Carrie.

Yes, raw fish ; they say raw fish tastes

much better than cooked ; but I could not believe it. Yet we eat raw oysters ; perhaps that is no worse. Taro-tops are very good greens. The natives usually sit round a large calabash, and dip one, two, or three fingers, according to the consistency of the *poi* ; then by a peculiar movement they take it from the calabash, and convey it to the mouth. That is their favorite mode of eating, and they say it does not taste so well when eaten with a spoon.

Next morning, some native women called on us. There were about twenty of them. They were cordial and kind, and their "aloha" was very hearty as we shook hands with each. Some were fine-looking, tall and portly. A few could talk English a little. They welcomed grandpa, making a short speech in Hawaiian, and presented us with some fowls, onions, cabbages, potatoes, eggs, squashes, and taro. Grandpa thanked them, and spoke of the interest he

and Christians in America had always felt in them. Mr. Clark was interpreter, and their faces lighted up with evident joy.

The following day we called on Prince William Lunailo, and his father Kanaina. Prince William is one of the highest chiefs in the kingdom, the rank here being determined by the mother. In the reception-room was a beautiful table, inlaid with specimens of native woods. The furniture was covered with red plush. On the walls were oil paintings of the prince and his father and mother, taken about fifteen years ago.

Prince William took us to the royal cemetery, a small square stone building in the spacious yard. In the center of the one room on a table, was a crimson velvet cushion trimmed with gold fringe, on which lay the Hawaiian crown. Unfortunately, I did not notice it particularly. On either side were enormous coffins, that of Kamehameha II. being the handsomest, and covered with

a pall of green brocaded silk ; others were covered also with silk palls, or draped in black. Some of the coffins were long and large, the high chiefs having been, as a general thing, tall and stout. One could not help thinking that here was the end of earthly grandeur ; the monarch and his lowest subject must alike die.

We went to a prayer-meeting at Oahu College, Punahou, on Wednesday night. It was a pleasant thing to meet with twenty or thirty missionary children for prayer and praise.

Thursday morning we listened to some very creditable recitations, and examined some beautiful drawings by the young ladies and gentlemen, and after lunch heard compositions, and saw the ladies practice calisthenics ; all of which would have done honor to one of our home institutions. In the afternoon, we drove back to Honolulu, and attended a sewing-circle at the house

of one of the foreign residents. It really seemed like one of our home circles, the profusion of exquisite flowers and the absence of our cold March weather only dispelling the illusion. We reveled in the lovely roses, our green-house favorites blooming here with such rank luxuriance. I saw here for the first time in my life a *green* rose.

“Green rose?” asked little Alice. “I never heard of such a thing.”

Yes, a veritable green rose of just the same shape as the common rose, only a deep genuine green. It had a very odd look. Many of our green-house plants grow to be extremely large here, as there is no chilling wind or snow to nip their growth.

That night our first letters came, two months after we left home. What joy to hear from the dear ones, even though the letters were written only a fortnight after our departure. It takes six weeks for letters to go from New York to Honolulu.

Friday morning, her majesty the queen gave us a private reception; the king was out of town. We were notified, the day before, that the queen would be pleased to see us informally, and would send her carriage for us. So at eleven o'clock a barouche was before the door, drawn by a span of dark horses. A coachman and footman in a livery of green and gold completed the establishment. When we arrived at the palace gates, the guard opened them wide for us, and we passed on to the rear of the palace where was the queen's own suite of rooms. On the steps we were met by the minister of foreign affairs, who escorted us to a reception-room, and a few minutes later to the drawing-room. There we were met by the queen in a ladylike manner, she taking our hand, and expressing pleasure at meeting us. She was in deep mourning for the prince, her only son, who died last year. Her dress was black, trimmed half-way up

the skirt with a heavy fold of crape, headed by a box-plaiting of the same. We here met the Princess Victoria, a sister of the king. The queen gave to each of us a lithograph likeness of the late King Kamehameha III. The chancellor of the kingdom, Chief Justice Allen and his lady were present. We returned home in the queen's carriage.

In the afternoon, we had a very pleasant dinner-party at the chief justice's. In the evening, I accepted an invitation to ride with a large party of young people, all on horseback ; there were seventeen couples, composed entirely of foreigners, more than half of whom belonged to mission families. You would be amused to see the native women ride like the men, with a strip of bright calico wound round their waist and limbs, falling off like a skirt on each side ; the color is usually red, or red and yellow, and

they look decidedly gay, sitting so erect in the saddle, and riding at full gallop.

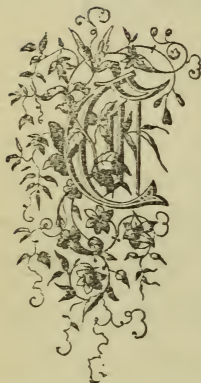
On Sabbath morning we attended at Mr. Smith's church, a large square hall, with a thatched roof. We sat in a wealthy native lady's pew. It was painted a brilliant scarlet, and the cushion was covered with a striped magenta-and-yellow calico. The one in front of us was painted an intense green. Grandpa made an address during service, and afterward, to the children of the Sabbath-school. Every seat was full, and the people very attentive. There was an old native man, with only one arm, who acted the part of sexton, and sometimes waked people up. I fancy there would be fewer sleepers in American churches, if there was anybody to perform a similar office. We shook hands with a great many natives after service. They are very fond of this ceremony, and we were glad to give them that expression of our good-will. Three of them,

as they shook hands, left a quarter of a dollar each in mine. I could not return them, for that would give offense, and as I was unwilling to keep them, I put them into the missionary-box.

To-morrow we will leave Honolulu.

VIII.

From Honolulu to Hilo.



OME, aunty," said Willie, "we are all ready for our journey." So I began.

We rode down to the steamer Kilauea about four o'clock Monday afternoon.

A great crowd was on the wharf; among them many of our good friends to see us off. Indeed, we could not feel that we were strangers in a strange land. The sight of the steamer was a novel one; the deck was covered with men, women, children, and dogs, with mats, calabashes, etc. It is quite a fashion here to trim the hair with flowers, and to wear them

strung about the neck. Many of these people were so decorated, and it made quite a lively scene, with their gay calico dresses. The women generally have their hair divided into two long braids behind; these they bring up on the top of the head with a round comb, and slip the flowers in about the comb.

The queen and her suite came on board last. She was going to join the king at their country-seat at Kailua, on Hawaii. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired by Her Majesty's guard, who then formed in a line on the wharf and gave three cheers. The royal company preferred to sleep on deck, so that nearly all who occupied the saloon were foreigners.

To us Americans, it seemed a strange thing to have both gentlemen and ladies occupy the same saloon at night, and it was rather embarrassing to mount into an upper berth with half a dozen gentlemen looking

on. But we soon became accustomed to it, and learned not to be alarmed at finding a Chinaman asleep on the transom below.

“What is a *transom*, aunty?” asked Harry.

A sort of cushioned bench, running along both sides of the saloon just outside the under berths.

At half-past four in the morning, we reached Lahaina, Maui. The steamer stopped here some hours; so Dr. Baldwin came off for us, and took us to his house to breakfast. Many friends, new and old, called, and some beautiful flowers were sent from Lahainaluna, about two miles distant, where there is a seminary for native young men. After breakfast, a large company of natives escorted us to the shore, carrying our shawls and bags, seeming eager to do something for our comfort. I wanted to take a photograph of grandpa, as he stood surrounded by natives, he looked so much the picture of happy contentment.

On the steamer we tried our first coconuts. They are very different from those we get at home, the meat not being half so thick, and quite soft. There is more than as much again liquid, and it is sweeter, and colorless like water.

A few hours' sail brought us to Kalepopepo. Rev. Mr. Alexander had ridden over from Wailuku, ten miles distant, and came on board, and stayed with us some hours while the steamer took on board a supply of wood. It was good to see his beaming face, and receive his cordial welcome. He gave me a lesson in Hawaiian.

“What was it, aunty?” asked Willie.

One sentence was, “He olu olu anei oe?” Are you well? You would say perhaps, “Aole au i ike.” I don't understand.

“How funny!” said little Alice.

The next morning, just before we reached Kailua, we discovered the king's barge, and

in a few minutes he himself came on board with some of his attendants. The meeting between himself and his queen was affecting; she, not having been to their country-seat since the death of the young prince, was quite overcome. His Majesty was dressed in a light mixed suit, with drab buskins buttoned to the knee, white boots, and a drab felt hat, with about two inches of crape on it. His buskins, setting off his fine form, gave him a very noble appearance. Indeed, he seemed to feel himself every inch a king. After the queen had become somewhat composed, he came to where we sat and, with a hearty shake of the hand, welcomed us to his country. He spoke of his visit to America, some years ago, and conversed very agreeably for some little time. At leaving us, both he and the queen again shook hands, with the same pleasant manner.

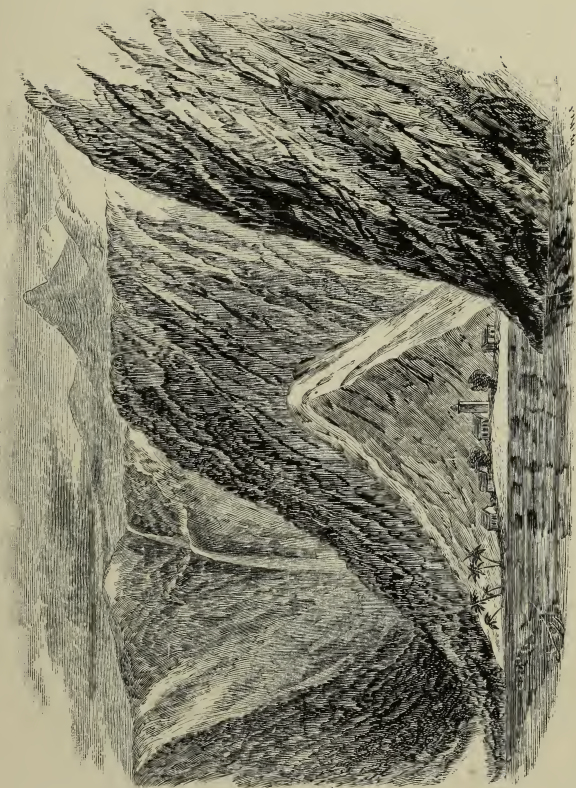
At noon we arrived in Kealakekua Bay, on the west side of Hawaii, where Captain

Cook was killed. Rev. Mr. Paris was on the beach, with horses to take us to his house, about two miles distant. As the steamer was to remain till night, we went. Our landing was almost on the very spot where Cook was killed. Grandma and I donned our riding-skirts, mounted our horses and started on our ride. Such hills and roads, so dusty and steep, never before entered my imagination! It was the first time grandma had been on a horse for forty years. Sometimes we were a little afraid; but as our horses were not, we gathered courage. At times a precipice rose above us three or four hundred feet on one side, and on the other descended perhaps a hundred feet. The rock was of lava, much broken, sometimes looking like the waves of the sea, or like a stream rolling over the precipice. A portion of the road was cut out of the side of the rock. Mrs. Paris's cordial greeting repaid us for our hot and

dusty ride. Here, for the first time, I saw orange-trees in full bloom. They were large and elegant trees, with blossoms and green and ripe fruit growing at the same time. How we enjoyed the fruit, luscious and juicy, and so refreshing after our ride! The arbutulum grows here like a large tree, and blossoms profusely. In the garden we saw young pine-apples, green mangoes, and Chinese oranges, — a perfect orange in miniature, but acid as a lemon.

Toward sunset, we returned to the ship. Darkness covered us before reaching the shore; but our sure-footed horses took us down without a mishap. At the head of the bay rises a pali, or precipice, six or seven hundred feet high, and it is said to go down perpendicularly into the water perhaps as much more.

On Thursday, we sailed all day along grand precipices rising from the ocean, some of them seven hundred or a thousand



feet high, with waterfalls leaping the whole distance, or broken into smaller cascades. Sometimes the streams seemed like a silver ribbon, bordered with green moss ; these steeps being generally covered with verdure. Here and there was a deep gorge or gulch, as they are there called. The first and only valley of importance we saw was Waipio, whose sides rose exceedingly grand and beautiful, with zigzag mule-paths up the slopes. Far in the distance, amid its shadows, fell a ribbon-like cascade, said to be two thousand four hundred feet high ; behind it lay mountains with their summits resting in the clouds. A village with its pretty church nestled in a grove of coconuts on the beach. After this the precipices grew lower and lower, until finally the scene changed to undulating hills, and a rain storm notified us that we were approaching Hilo. We reached that place about ten o'clock at night, and landed through the

surf; that is, the little boat stopped about fifty feet from the shore, and a man waded out and took grandma in his arms; but there being a little delay in getting ashore, the wave rolled in upon her and gave her quite a wetting. When the man came back, and said, "Come, come," I started immediately. The surf roared in the darkness, and I was afraid, but was very soon set down safely on the shore. Dr. Wetmore met us on the beach, and escorted us in the rain to Mrs. Coan's house. Mr. Coan was away upon a tour; but they sent a messenger after him, and he returned home on Saturday.

Hilo is celebrated for its heavy rains, and I should think also for its gigantic spiders. I was afraid of them, though it is said they are harmless unless molested.

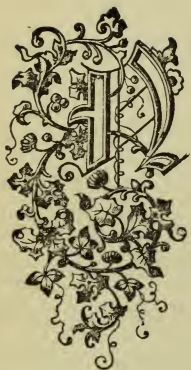
Sabbath we passed in the usual manner. Grandpa addressed the native congregation in the morning, and told them of his visit to the Holy Land. They seemed delighted to

see one who had looked upon Jerusalem, and walked by the shores of Gennesaret.

There is the supper-bell ; so we must wait until to-morrow for **another** story.

IX.

The Volcano.



OW, aunty, what are we to see to-day, and where are we to go?" asked Willie, as we assembled in the sitting-room.

We'll go to the volcano to-day, Willie, I answered.

Tuesday morning, we started on our first real horseback journey. The party numbered seven,—three elderly people and four younger ones. Two of our friends escorted us a few miles on our way, and then, as it began to rain, they turned back. I could think of nothing but a party of gipsies, as we rode out of Mr. Coan's yard.

You would have laughed to see our fitting out. Grandpa had on rubber overalls, a long rubber coat, and a drab felt hat tied upon his head. I doubt if you would have known him. Grandma wore a dark riding-skirt, an oil-cloth cape over her shoulders, and a felt hat, decidedly slouchy, trimmed with green ribbon. I had on an old drab skirt, my water-proof cloak, and a venerable straw hat trimmed with green, with a blue barege veil falling from its brim. The rest were dressed in similar style. We rode in single file, and the road was so bad, if road it could be called, that we advanced barely two miles an hour. Every few minutes we had to go up or down some steep place, or through mud nearly a foot deep. Swamps and streams alternated with our short hills. At length we came to a wood of tropical luxuriance, where the road was just a mule-path, the branches often meeting before our faces, so that we had to raise our hands to

part them. It rained as it always does here. While we young people were venturing on a short canter, my saddle turned completely, and I landed on my feet in an oozy place, fortunately unhurt. A few miles short of the half-way house, — miles are not measured by feelings there, — my horse gave out. For some time he had walked lame in all his feet, and at last refused to go at all. One of the young gentlemen lent me his horse, and led mine. We reached the half-way house about five o'clock, wet through. This was a native house, the occupants of which at once turned out, bag and baggage, the latter consisting, however, of only a few calabashes and pillows, and removed into a smaller hut. We found our house neatly laid with mats, and looking comparatively inviting. The firebrands had been carried out, leaving only the coals in the center of the floor, surrounded by stones to protect the matting. The house was of thatched

sides and altogether looked very much like the native houses we saw on the Isthmus.

We made a temporary curtain of a blanket, put on dry clothes, hanging our wet ones up to dry ; then laid a table-cloth on the matting, and from buckets and calabashes brought out our dinner. Our service was of tin ; but we made a hearty meal, sitting Turk fashion on the mat. After our dinner and tea together, the natives came in, and we had prayers. Mr. Coan read a few verses in English and then in the native language, which was followed by two prayers, one in English, the other in Hawaiian, by the head of the family. We then lay down to sleep ; but cockroaches, fleas, and a strong cup of tea drove slumber from our eyelids, and there was more sighing than sleep. The men who brought our calabashes walked or dog-trotted it all the way barefooted, and got on faster than we did. The calabashes are fastened one at

each end of a pole four or five feet long, and the bearers don't seem to mind the weight, balancing them easily on their shoulders and carrying them safely. We never missed the smallest article, and nothing was injured by jarring.

We mounted our horses the next morning with good courage, though it was dubious weather, and we had a long ride before us. After a while, we young folks headed the procession and cantered when we could, which was seldom, as a great deal of the way was like riding in the bed of a brook. It had rained so much that a puddle of water was met every few feet. Part of our way was through a beautiful growth of gigantic ferns, mingled with other trees. The ferns were of a beautiful species, growing twenty or more feet high, and crowned with waving feathery branches. Other trees had their bark almost hidden by velvety moss or tiny ferns.

We arrived at the volcano house wet and tired, about three o'clock, but were much comforted by the cleanly appearance of the house, so nicely matted were the floors, with a raised place for sleeping. Outside, under a roof like a veranda, was a blazing fire, and it was needed for drying our clothes, and sending warmth through our chilled limbs.

We ladies retired behind our curtain, and soon appeared in complete Bloomer costume. We set our table in more civilized style, having a rough board whereon to lay our cloth, while benches saved the necessity of our sitting again in Turk fashion. We rested better than the previous night, rousing ourselves once in a while from our lowly matted couch to gaze through the mist at the light from the crater, which looked like an enormous fire.

About nine the next morning, we took our winding way to the edge of the bluff, commanding a fine view of the crater; and

there it lay before us, a huge, blackened, fire-desolated gulf! Steam issued from fissures in various parts, while a dense rolling volume marked the place of the really burning lake. We ladies, in our Bloomer dresses, — for it isn't safe to wear long skirts, — started down the precipice. At some of the steep places, our gentlemen tied ropes to the shrubs, and, with jumping and careful walking, we were soon down upon the lava floor.

“How did it feel to walk on the lava, aunty?” said Willie.

It seemed like walking on a snow-crust. Once in a while a foot would sink through, and this at first alarmed us; but we soon got used to it. There were many deep fissures in the lava, from some of which issued steam; these we used to jump over.

“How wide were they?” asked Harry.

One or two feet wide; and no one knows how deep. Mr. Coan seemed to think that



forty feet below us might be liquid lava. The lava had flowed in countless shapes and ways. Sometimes it had hardened in circles, or parts of a circle, or it was all crumbled and broken. This last they call a-a [ah-ah]. Often a piece of the thin crust cracked under our footsteps, and turning it over, there would be upon the under surface all the colors of the rainbow.

After a walk of two and a half miles, we came to what is called the "blow hole," where steam rushes out with great force and a loud report, like many factory pipes. It seemed as if some angry goddess dwelt below, whom we had insulted by coming into her domains, and that she was belching out her fierce anger, and vowing vengeance.

But the final wonder was when the fiery gulf came into view. It must have been half a mile square, and was about fifty feet below the level of where we stood. It was boiling up all over its lead-colored surface.

Toward the center, it would blacken over, and the blacker it grew, the more intently we watched, until finally it rose in a huge dome thousands of tons in weight, red and fiery, and fell as suddenly. It was so hot, that we had to cover our faces or turn away. There were several red-hot fountains in various parts of the lake, throwing up jets of lava. One was near a shallow cave, from the edges of which, the lava hung in beautiful flame-colored stalactites.

“What are *stalactites*?” asked little Alice.

An icicle is a stalactite of frozen water ; these were of lava, shaped just like large icicles.

All the while, the lake was boiling up in some places, and wrinkling and folding over at the edges. It was a terrible and exciting sight. One of the party would shout, “There, there, the boiler is going to throw up now!” and as it rose into the air, a

grand chorus of "*There!*" would announce the end of that discharge. It is impossible to describe to you the grandeur of the scene. It is one of God's most wonderful works. We felt weak and powerless before it.

We took our lunch on the shore of this fiery lake, and afterwards spent an hour in gathering specimens of the different kinds of lava.

Not far from the lake is a peak of lava which is called the "Gothic Cathedral" from its shape. Some of the party passed by a block looking like a lion. There were huge fields of "a-a" where the lava was thrown up into rough heaps, as if some one had tried to knead up blocks a foot square, and given it up as a bad job. We walked nearly six miles in the crater, going and coming, which will give you an idea of its size. It is nine miles in circumference. Our young gentlemen we left behind, as they had

discovered a new cave where they could see many valuable specimens. When we reached the house, we were wet and tired ; for it rained while we were in the crater, and we had to change our clothes. We ladies saw the yellow sulphur beds in the distance, but were too weary to visit them.

During our absence, the native men had gathered a quantity of ohelo berries, resembling cranberries, but tasting like blueberries, not so sweet perhaps, but like them seedless ; they were very nice with sugar, so we added them to our bill of fare. Remind me of those berries to-morrow, and I'll tell you a story about them.

Now for supper.

X.

A Story about Kapiolani.



AS I entered the sitting-room, I was greeted by a chorus of voices saying, "Aunty, the berries, you know!" So I began.

A good while ago, when the missionaries first went to the Hawaiian Islands, a princess lived there named Kapiolani, the daughter of Keawemauhili. She was a portly person, as most in high rank were, having an engaging countenance, a keen black eye, and black hair put up by a comb. She dressed in a civilized fashion, and used chairs and tables. Her husband's name was

Naihe. In the year 1825, only five years after the mission was commenced, Kapiolani was living at Kaawaloa. Many of her countrymen still supposed that the volcano was the abode of a powerful goddess, whose name was Pele. They were very superstitious, and revered and feared to anger this goddess.

Kapiolani had become a Christian, and felt sorry for her poor people who were still in the darkness of paganism, and determined to break the spell that bound them. So she announced her intention to visit the crater of Kilauea, and call upon the goddess to do her worst. Her husband and many others endeavored to dissuade her, but she was not to be moved from her purpose. She traveled, mostly on foot, over a rough and desolate road, a distance of about a hundred miles.

As she drew near the volcano, she was met by one who claimed to be a prophetess

of Pele, and threatened her with the displeasure of the goddess, should she come into her domains on this hostile errand. She was told that she would certainly perish if she went to the crater. Kapiolani disregarded the impostor, and went on. Those ohelo berries which I spoke of in my last story were sacred to Pele, and no one dared to eat them unless they had first offered some to the goddess. But Kapiolani gathered and ate them. "She and her company of about eighty," said Mr. Bingham, "accompanied by a missionary, descended from the rim of the crater to the black ledge. There, in full view of the terrific panorama before them, she threw in the berries, and calmly addressed the company thus: 'Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah, and he shall save me from the wrath of Pele when I break through

her tabus, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God and the way of righteousness!’” Then amid the horrid belching and bellowing of the crater, they sung a hymn of praise, and prayed to the God of heaven and earth.

Now wasn't it a grand, a noble thing for this woman, who had been educated in the grossest idolatry, who had only heard of the true God within a very few years, thus to come out and defy her nation's deity, this Pele? Why, even we, brought up in the light and power of the gospel, could not wonder that those benighted savages feared and worshiped. We silently thanked God in our hearts, that we knew him as our Creator and the Maker of this wonderful volcano, instead of a wicked, revengeful heathen god.

“ You spoke of Pele’s *tabus* ; what is a tabu, aunty ? ” said Carrie.

Anything forbidden by their law or customs was called “ tabu.”

Now we will go back to our journey. The day after we descended the crater, we started for the half-way house on our return. It was a dreary, rainy morning, but cleared up soon, though no sun was visible. The roads were dryer, and we young people cantered off, leaving the more staid portion of the party behind ; and reached our resting-place two hours or more before the others, and before our native men too. We were hungry, but our calabashes of food were far behind us, so we fell to decorating the house, in order to occupy our time. It was a simple thatched hut, with no windows and only one door. We built an arch over the doorway of two gigantic ferns, with a bouquet of red roses in the center, and made thence a continuous wreath of ferns and red leaves to

the end of the house, and down to the ground each side. The bright red leaves were brought us by the little kanaka [native] children. Inside, opposite the door, we made another arch, and twined a wreath around the center pole supporting the roof. Our native men, as they entered, exclaimed "nani," handsome, or "maikai," good. And Mr. Coan's face, as he came up the hill, smiled approval. It really had entirely transformed the dingy hut into quite a fairy bower. All night, fleas and cockroaches disputed with us for its possession, and we rose in the morning, unrefreshed, to a day's ride in the rain. The road was worse than on the day we first came over it. It had stormed incessantly, the streams were swollen, the mud was deeper, and our horses stiff and weary, not to mention ourselves as in the same predicament. At times it rained so hard that our horses turned their backs to it, and refused to move, and there we had to

sit until the violence of the shower was over. We often waded through streams up to the saddle-girth. Part of the way, the road was made of the trunks of fern-trees laid cross-wise, not more than two or three feet broad. They were worn and broken, and in some places decayed entirely away. We considered it, however, a good road, and cantered over it, our sure-footed horses never once stumbling. Glad indeed, were we, to see the white spire of the Hilo church, and more glad to reach Mr. Coan's hospitable house, where hot baths and a good dinner in some degree enlivened us. Grandma was tired, but a night and day's rest made her quite herself again. We felt amply repaid for any amount of fatigue or discomfort, by our view of the crater and burning lake. It was a scene for a lifetime; no pen could describe it, no pencil portray it; one must see it with one's own eyes, to appreciate its wonders. God alone could create it; and his

power only could say to this surging, fiery torrent, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

March 24th, we took the steamer Kilauea. It rained as we sailed out of the bay, — Byron's Bay as it is called. The surf rolls in here terrifically, and beats upon the shore with an incessant booming sound. The view of Hilo, as you enter the bay, is said to be very fine ; but we were so unfortunate as to come in, in the night, and to go out in a rain-storm. The natives play in the surf a great deal. They have what is called a surf-board, perhaps four or five feet long. With this board, they swim out perhaps a mile, and then lying on it, ride in on the top of the surf-billows. I was sorry not to see this amusement ; but the little children, with their small boards, I often saw trying to imitate their elders.

"Don't they ever get hurt, aunty ?" asked little Alice.

Not often. The natives are perfectly at home in the water, and can swim long distances. The women are about as good swimmers as the men.

Ah, the bell ! the bell ! we mustn't keep grandpa waiting.

XI.

Kau and Journey to Kaabaloa.



T half-past six in the morning, we landed in Kau, — that is grandpa and I did ; grandma went on in the steamer to Kealakekua Bay. Rev. Mr. Gulick met us as we stepped on shore. Horses were in waiting, and

we were soon in the saddle ready for our seven miles' ride to Waiohinu. Mr. and Mrs. Gulick have here a boarding-school for native girls. They had nine pupils of various shades and sizes. Some of them seemed very bright and intelligent, and were quick and handy about their work. Beside their

studies, they are beginning to learn to make their own clothes and to do housework.

Sabbath morning we visited the Sabbath-school. As we entered, the children were singing in Hawaiian the hymn, "I want to be an Angel," and soon after "I have a Father in the Promised Land," both of them to the familiar tunes the children sing with us. It quite carried me back in association to our home Sabbath-schools. The Hawaiians love to sing, and the children sing with all their hearts, just as our children do.

Grandpa gave them a short talk, and then we went into the church, and he addressed the native congregation, — an intelligent and well-dressed body of men and women. The Hawaiians as a race are excessively fond of flowers. Some of the girls wore wreaths of rosebuds round their necks; some had flowers in their hair, and others held a few in their hands. The judge of the district,

who had a little daughter in Mr. Gullick's school, brought her a wand of roses, wreathed round a stick, which he handed to her with a smile as she came into church.

In the afternoon, grandpa preached to the foreign residents. Every white person but one in the district was present, making sixteen in all including ourselves. There were only four ladies, most of the men having native wives. The shoemaker, the blacksmith, the missionary, the planter, all met in that little parlor, to hear a sermon in their native tongue. It made no difference what was their religious belief; they came dressed in their best, and some of them joined in singing the hymns, the tunes doubtless familiar to them long ago, before they left their father's roof.

Monday morning we started on our journey across the island, to where grandma was staying. Our baggage was packed on a mule, and the saddle-bags filled with our eatables.

“What are *saddle-bags* ? ” asked Willie.

They are two bags fastened on a broad strip of leather, made to fit on the back part of a saddle, so arranged that a bag will hang on each side of the horse, the two thus balancing each other.

Mr. Gulick accompanied us, and quite a number of natives traveled a part of the way. We started in a rain ; six or seven miles of the road were good ; the rest was bad enough to make up for it. The first half-day we passed over that kind of lava called “ a-a,” the whole tract, as far as the eye could reach, looking as if a mountain of lava had been thrown thousands of feet in the air, and fallen, crumbled and broken, into irregular ridges and heaps, blackened and barren. In riding, we passed over an apology for a road, reminding me of our American roads when filled in with broken stone before being covered with the gravel. Some of the ridges were fearfully steep and jagged.

Here it seemed as if — as a friend remarked — “we were out of sight of land.” Hardly a bush or tree was to be seen. I never knew the meaning of desolation before. We grew weary of the dull black scene, and it rained and rained, but we kept on, up one steep place and down another. The last part of our day’s ride was through woods, over hard lava, which they call “pahoiohi;” but it was along a mountain side, and the same steep ridges followed us. Darkness came just as we neared the native village where we were to spend the night. We had passed over a hard road of thirty-five miles, and been ten hours in the saddle. We were, of course, not sorry to dismount, which we did at the largest native house. The man of the house was down at the sea-shore; the family were of course not expecting foreigners. In the center of the house was a fire of glowing coals, and near it sat an old woman stringing candle-nuts

upon a cocoa-nut fiber, which were their only lamps.

“What are *candle-nuts*?” asked the children.

They grow on a beautiful tree called “kukui,” or candle-nut tree. The nuts are about the size of a walnut, and are so oily as to burn quite well.

Some one went over to the church, a simple thatched house like the rest, and brought us the only two chairs the village possessed. We set out our simple meal on the mat, and by twos and threes the natives dropped in to see us, bringing children and babies; so that by the time our supper was over, almost all the village were present to see the “houris” or foreigners. After we had finished, we had family worship, Mr. Gulick acting as interpreter. Then Mr. G. asked where we were to sleep. Our landlord and his wife had one corner of the room, another man and his wife another corner, our native men

a third, and we the fourth. Learning that our shawls were wet, the son brought out a large bed tapa for our covering. Taking our bags for pillows, we lay down to rest, — *sleep*, I can not say, for fleas and cockroaches were too abundant to permit this.

“What is *tapa*, aunty?” asked Willie.

Tapa is their native cloth made from the bark of trees. They take the inner part of the bark, I believe, and beat it with mallets of very hard wood until it is soft and flexible, wetting the bark from time to time. It looks like a kind of paper, rather than cloth. These cloths the natives dye with various colors, in patterns to suit their own fancy. The bed tapas are from three to five large sheets placed one above another, and are very warm and comfortable.

Early next morning, we started on our journey through field and forest, and reached Mr. Paris's house about half-past two, having accomplished our journey of sixty miles

in eighteen hours. We were cordially welcomed by the family, and were glad indeed to be with grandma again.

We walked one evening to the house near by, where Kapiolani and her husband Naihe lived. You remember Kapiolani was the brave princess I told you of. It was a stone house, built of solid coral rocks, the walls three feet thick, and is on an eminence commanding a fine view of the sea. No one was now living in the house ; but quite a number of little kittens, wild as they could be, scampered in terror from room to room, as we went through the apartments.

Next morning, Mr. Paris took us out to ride. We visited a native church about two miles from his house, a pretty stone building, nicely finished off inside with koa wood, much resembling mahogany. The horse grandpa rode was a handsome black fellow ; mine was a large sorrel called Bonaparte. Both horses had a decided aversion to going

through puddles of water. Bonaparte had been broken in by a native, who hurt him about the head, after which, he had a great antipathy to natives ; indeed, he had a dislike to any strangers. After a time, he got to know me ; but if a native tried to touch him, he became almost frantic. He was a very easy horse for riding, and I became quite fond of him, and used to feed and give him water. One day we were all out riding, and as we came toward the house, I galloped into the yard and dismounted on the stone wall, which we used as a horse-block. They called to me that they were going on, so, as I had the bridle in my hand, I prepared to mount, when a good native deacon came forward to help me. The horse's nostrils dilated, and he plunged about almost drawing me off the wall, and was the perfect image of anger. I succeeded in making the good man understand that he must go away, then talked soothingly to the horse,

patted his head gently, and finally, as he came near enough, threw myself into the saddle, and had a good ride. Now you see, children, what kindness can do. If I had ever been rough with the horse, or unkind to him, he would not have had such confidence in me, and I could not have scothed him down, and so should have lost my ride.

XII.

Kaawaloa.



Y little flock of listeners were sure to get their work done punctually by four o'clock, thus fulfilling their part of the bargain, and used laughingly to talk about their travels, making believe that they were journeying, as I told them what I saw and had passed through.

On Saturday, April 4, Mr. Paris, grandpa, and I, started off on a long ride, to visit Hoonaunau, the city of refuge, a place to which people could flee, if they had committed any crime, or displeased any chief,

and be protected by the priests. This was in old pagan times ; they are not used for that purpose now.

“Aunty,” asked Carrie, “didn’t they have such cities in Old Testament times ?”

Yes, dear, they did. You may get your Bible and turn to Numbers xxxv : vi. and read the passage to us.

“And among the cities which ye shall give unto the Levites, there shall be six cities for refuge, which ye shall appoint for the man-slayer, that he may flee thither.”

It seems singular that this heathen people should have a custom like that sanctioned by God through Moses in the Old Testament days ; but so it was. This city of refuge was a “heiau,” or heathen temple. It has a massive stone wall varying from six to ten feet in height, and as many feet in thickness, inclosing a large space of ground, and having, of course, no roof. The sea washes its base on one side. Here we saw

a rock, under which Kaahumanu, the favorite wife of the great conqueror Kamehameha I., is said to have hid herself when her royal husband was angry with her. It is called by her name.

“Did the king have more than one wife?” asked Harry.

Yes, almost every chief had several, if he could afford it. But now that they are a Christianized people it is different.

We stood on the altar where human sacrifices had been offered. It was hard to believe that such a quiet place was ever used for so dreadful a purpose.

We saw a flat rock, on which one of the great chiefs was said to have rested while his subjects were fishing. The native story is, that the chief was so tall that his feet hung over one end, and his head the other. The stone was fourteen feet long!

“Aunty,” said little Alice, “it wasn’t a true story; was it?”

No, Alice ; but probably he was a very tall man.

We passed over the battle-field of Kaei, the scene of the last great fight on Hawaii, which placed the island under the rule of Kamehameha II.

About half a mile beyond the City of Refuge is a high bluff, over which are solid lava falls, looking just like a waterfall, only black. They are hundreds of feet broad and more than a hundred feet high. You can walk between the bluff and the fall, and look up a hundred feet. We went into a cave, which is an eighth of a mile deep, leading to the sea. It probably was once a channel through which a lava stream flowed into the ocean.

Coming back we rode into the village of Kealakekua, and went to the spot where Captain Cook was worshiped, and had sacrifices offered to him. Just think how wicked

it was in him to allow those poor ignorant natives to believe he was a god, and to receive offerings and sacrifices as such ! It must have been very displeasing in the sight of God to have a man brought up in a Christian land do such a thing. It was only a little while after, across the bay in sight of that very place, that he lost his life. We saw two cocoa-nut trees with their trunks perforated by cannon-balls which were fired from Cook's ship.

The next day we attended the native church at Kealakekua, and saw their manner of collecting monthly concert money. One or two deacons, or " lunas " as they call them, sit at a table in front of the pulpit, and the people bring up their gifts. Three old men had no money, and brought, respectively, a broom, some dried fish, and two fowls. The fowls amused me very much. They had their feet tied together, and occasionally

fluttered their wings and clucked during the sermon. One of the hens, I have since learned, was of Japanese breed. All her feathers curled up the wrong way, making her look as if she had been out in a gale of wind.

Monday we rode down to Kaawaloa, stood on the rock where Cook fell, gathered some coral where his boat rested, and walked over the stones where he led the king when endeavoring to take him as a hostage.

“What did they want him for?” asked Harry.

The natives had stolen a boat from Captain Cook, and the latter was taking their king to the ship to keep him there until the boat should be brought back. The natives could not bring the boat back, because they had already broken it up to get the iron in it; and they were not willing their king should be taken away. So one of the chiefs seized Cook roughly by the shoulder, and held him

so painfully that he cried out. The people said, "Can a god groan? Is a god afraid?" Their belief that he was a god was broken, and he was immediately killed. We went into the king's house, which is still standing, and saw some beautiful matting lining the walls, taking the place of our house paper. It was woven in figures. We sat down on a board, and drank some young cocoa-nut milk from trees which existed in Captain Cook's time, and now shade the spot. Near the shore is a dead trunk of a tree about three feet high, on which several plates of copper, inscribed to the memory of Captain Cook, have been nailed by officers of British men-of-war. Not a very sumptuous monument this! On one side of the road, about half a mile above the beach, is a pillar of wood erected on a heap of rough lava. On this is a small plate, bearing this inscription: —

In Memory
OF
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R. N.,
WHO DISCOVERED THESE ISLANDS,
IN
THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
1778,
THIS HUMBLE MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY
HIS FELLOW COUNTRYMEN, IN
THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
1825.

Captain Cook named the group of islands from his patron, the Earl of Sandwich. The natives always call them Hawaiian Islands, or as they say, "Hawaii Nei!"

This portion of Hawaii is the orange district, and we had delicious oranges every day. It seemed sometimes as if the fruit, after peeling, would drop to pieces in our hands, from very juiciness.

"Oh, how I wish I had some!" said Harry.

This is a bread-fruit country too. We didn't learn to love that fruit. We some-

times had it baked for dinner. I think it is never eaten uncooked. The tree is fine-looking ; its leaves are large, and of a very brilliant green. The fruit is round, has a rough outside, and to me seemed rather mealy and tasteless.

“ How large is it ? ” asked Carrie.

About the size of a cantelope-melon.

We tasted here, too, the root of the ti [te] plant. It was baked, and when sent in it was still hot. It looked like brown-bread, only finer grained, and when shaved off in slices had a very sweet and not unpleasant taste. Many of the natives are quite fond of it. The plant has a small trunk four or five feet high, surmounted with a tuft of leaves resembling corn-leaves. In various parts of the islands, when there is a scarcity of food, the natives eat the root of the fern-tree, baked. It reminded me in appearance of tobacco, was tasteless, and uninviting in its looks ; but I saw native men cut off great

slices of it, which they ate as if they liked it. But as I told you before, their favorite food is poi, and, with a good supply of that and raw fish, a native is as happy as a plenty of good food can make him.

We saw here for the first time enormous cockroaches. They came out after a rain, and were very annoying, as all large bugs are that can fly or run fast. One night I killed seven in my room. If I left one dead on the floor overnight, in the morning it would be surrounded by hundreds of small brown ants. It was really very interesting to watch the little creatures. They would saw off a leg, or a part of one, then several of them would drag it away to their hiding-place; and, piecemeal, they would, if given time, carry off the cockroach, leaving not a particle. Now there is a lesson for you, children.

Perhaps you have something to do. It may seem like a mountain, as you look at it;

but if you work diligently, doing perhaps only a little at a time, it will grow less and less until it is all done ; and as you look back upon it, you will be astonished to think how easily you have done it.

XIII.

Kailua.

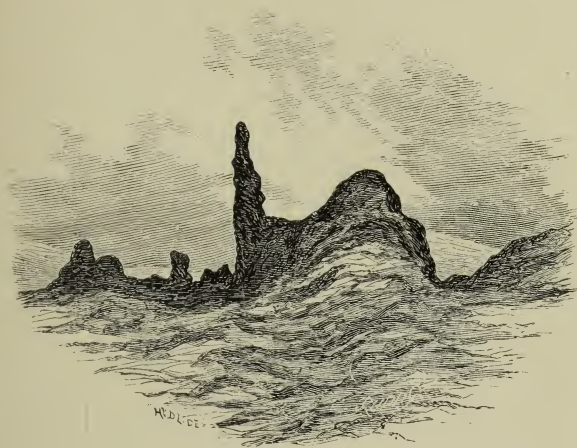


UNTLY," said Carrie, as I came into the room, at four o'clock the next day, "we have been calling ourselves little ants all day to-day, we have been so busy; but now we have finished our work, and are all ready."

So I resumed my story.

On Saturday, April 11, we left Kaawaloa, after a very pleasant visit of two weeks, starting about nine o'clock on our twelve miles' ride to Kailua. Mr. Paris's family and grandma were in a carriage, which some friends had given Mrs. P., and grandpa and

I were on horseback. I had my horse Bonaparte. The road was good most of the way; no carriage had ever traveled the whole length of it before. Part of the way was down the mountain, and when about half-way to the foot, a part of the carriage broke. We all dismounted and took a lunch, then, with some leather, Mr. Paris bound up the broken place firmly, and we went on our way rejoicing that no worse thing had befallen us; for we were far away from any house, and had still half of our journey to perform, and this being the only carriage on that part of the island, no native knew how to repair it. On reaching the sea-shore, we passed through a grove of cocoa-nut trees. Here we drank some delicious cocoa-nut milk, and quite a group of natives gathered about us, and shook hands. The Hawaiians as a race are very fond of shaking hands. As the shake of the hand, saying "aloha," love to you, was



often our only mode of expressing our interest, we were very particular to do it.

After leaving the grove, the path lay between two stone walls, so near together that it seemed impossible for the carriage to go through. Our native friends said among themselves "*pilikia!*" trouble; for there was no other road for the carriage. But the carriage did pass, the wheels just grazing the stones. How glad we were, and the natives exclaimed, "*maikai!*" good.

We saw a great deal of rough hard lava, called "*pahoihoi*," and prickly pear-trees grew in abundance. They were large, ugly plants. Grandma gave me one of their flowers which looks like a cactus-blossom. I had on a heavy buckskin glove, and this was filled with small barbed thorns, which, before I knew it, had worked through into my hand, as I held the rein. They caused no little pain, but were so small and colorless that you could not see them. In some

places the people use the prickly pear as hedges, which are unsightly but very strong. We often saw the century-plant while on the islands, which, it has been said, blooms only once in one hundred years ; but in fact it blossoms at least once in twenty-five years. The stalk of the flower grows very rapidly. Some of these stalks are twenty or thirty feet high. I examined one which seemed to be casting its blossoms ; they looked like small bulbs just sprouting. If these are planted, they will grow, and this is the way the plant is propagated.

We were amused at the excitement of many of the natives about the carriage. A great number of them had never seen one before. Whole families turned out, men, women, and children, just as people in our own land once did to see a railroad car, or as they do now to see a caravan with elephants and camels. Horses and mules all along the road became unmanageable. They

would turn and look, with dilated nostrils and head erect, while trembling in every limb, till the carriage almost reached them, then they would break from their fastenings and gallop off, neighing with fear. Then they would turn and look till we nearly reached them again, when they darted away as before.

We reached the house of Mr. Thurston, at Kailua, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It had a very desolate look, for it had been locked up for a year. The venerable missionaries were then in California, on account of the failure of Mr. T.'s health. There was no white face to greet us, as at the other mission-stations, so we made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Several natives called to see us, and a venerable deacon sent us two fowls, some very fine watermelons, and sweet potatoes. The melons were delicious, the soil of this part of the islands being well adapted to them.

Watermelons are even sent to the San Francisco market.

The next day was Sabbath, the 12th of April, the forty-third anniversary of the missionaries first landing on these islands, which occurred on this very spot. We were interested in the fact that we should happen to be there at that time.

We went to the stone church, a venerable edifice built in the old style, — the pulpit and galleries being very high. Perhaps a thousand natives were present, and they paid remarkable attention to all that was said. After service, we shook hands with a large portion of the audience. Most of the people came on horseback, and there must have been as many as five hundred horses tied outside the church.

It was too far for us to go home before the afternoon service; so we spent the time in visiting the graves of mission families near the church. In the afternoon we par-

took of the communion with the congregation. Every thing was conducted with great propriety. A native evangelist has had the care of this church since Mr. T. left, and they have well sustained their church and prayer-meetings, with very little outside aid from missionaries.

We expected the steamer to call for us at any time after midnight, and so slept with one eye and one ear open. About twenty asses were in a pasture near us, and were braying all night long. We had little refreshing sleep, and were glad to see the smoke of the Kilauea as she came round a point in the distance at six o'clock in the morning. We wended our way to the beach, and amused ourselves by watching little native children playing in the water, and by picking up shells, until the boat came to take us on board the steamer, when we bade our friends good-by. As there was no wharf, a native took us up one by one

and carried us to the boat. It seemed so funny at first for us grown people to be taken up like children; but we got accustomed to it, the men lifting us easily, and placing us in the boat as dry and comfortable as possible. By three o'clock in the afternoon we were off Honoipu, where we were to disembark. This is the landing for Kohala. Mr. Bond met us, and a kind German was there with his wagon to take grandma and the baggage to Mr. B.'s house. The rest of us went on horseback. Before grandpa mounted his horse, the natives gathered about him, and asked by an interpreter how old he was. They said, "his face and his form was young, but his hair was old." They expected to see an old decrepit man, and were quite surprised to find him so fresh and vigorous. We started on a brisk canter over a good road. My horse was unfortunate in his disposition, and would sometimes run across the road to kick another.

“ Why, aunty, what did he do that for ? ”
asked Harry.

Perhaps he had the same feeling that a little boy has, when he races with another boy. The latter runs a little faster perhaps, and the boy that is behind tries to hinder or tease him in some way, so that he may lose the race. I suppose my horse didn't want the other to pass him, and so tried to kick him.

The trade-wind swept across that part of the island with great force. It really seemed as if we would be blown off our horses, and I was glad that my hat-strings were sewed on tightly. After a while, a sudden shower came up, lasting about five minutes ; but the wind soon dried us. Another and heavier one making its appearance in the distance, we turned off the road to go a shorter way. Mr. Bond was mounted on a large white mule ; as we were galloping hastily along over the grassy field, his mule

stumbled, and over they went. All we could see was the mule's four feet in the air. Fortunately, Mr. Bond was not under the animal, as we feared, but rose from the soft grass a few feet ahead uninjured. The shower came steadily on, and we were obliged to take refuge in a native hut. The natives ran out, took off our saddles, and tied our horses for us, so that we might escape the shower. They were always ready to do a kind act for us. As I sat in the hut with two women and a pretty little native girl about three years old, I longed to be able to talk with them in their own language; but after each of us had said "aloha," we could only sit and look at each other.

Grandma and Mrs. Bond with her children were waiting on the piazza to meet us as we rode up. But there is the tea-bell, so we must wait until to-morrow to hear about Kohala.

XIV.

Kohala and Maimea.



“E are ready to hear about that queer-named place now, aunty,” said Alice at my elbow as I sat writing in my room.

Oh, yes, about Kohala.

Every thing at Mr. Bond’s was the pink of neatness, and though we were shut in by rain for five days, we enjoyed it. Sometimes, it would look like clearing up, and we would walk in the garden ; but usually we had to hurry in to escape the rain.

The garden looked beautifully, with some

rose-bushes twenty-five feet in circumference, and scarlet geraniums perhaps fifteen feet. It does one good just to look at them, after seeing only our little dwarf shrubs at home. Kanoa and his wife, the good Hawaiian missionaries to Micronesia, came with their little baby to bid us good-by.

We had mangoes for the first time at Mr. Bond's, which were delicious. In shape they are like a pear, only flatter, with the large end growing next the stem. I can not describe the taste, it is unlike any thing we have. The seed is very large, being nearly two thirds the size of the fruit. Fresh figs, too, we tried for the first time, and to our surprise liked them. We had some papaias, which grow on trees ; the fruit tastes like a musk-melon, and pies made of them are very much like squash-pies.

Sabbath morning it cleared up about eleven, so that we could go to church. Notwithstanding the weather, a goodly con-

gregation assembled, and listened to grandpa with great respect and attention. After meeting, as usual, they all wanted to shake hands with us. As I was going down the aisle, thinking I had shaken hands with all, I heard some one call "keika mahine, keika mahine" [daughter, daughter], and looking round, there was an old man standing up on a seat with his hand stretched out to shake hands. Of course I must gratify him. Fortunately for us, Monday, April 20, was a pleasant day, and we started about nine o'clock for Waimea across the mountain. Grandma rode about twelve miles in Mr. Christianson's wagon, and then as the wagon-road ended, she went the remainder of the way on horseback. The rest of us were in the saddle all the way. How the wind did blow! It seemed as if I should be carried out of my saddle bodily; but we rode on over fields and barren wastes, and through steep and rocky

gulches. At noon we reached the house of a foreigner, and were hospitably entertained. Mr. Lyons was waiting for us there, and Mr. Bond left us. What was more to us than dinner, was a feast of home letters, which Mr. Lyons had brought for us. After resting an hour or more, we were all in our saddles again. As we were riding, on the summit of a hill, or mountain as we should call it, a beautiful scene opened before us. High above us the fleecy clouds parted, and we caught a glimpse of what seemed like "the promised land." There stood the peak of a lofty mountain covered with newly-fallen snow, shining white and beautiful in the sun's clear beams. It seemed too high up, too pure and fair in its framework of clouds, to belong to earth. This was the summit of Mauna Kea, and we shall not soon forget that vision of beauty. It seemed as if angels might flit over its snowy sides without any danger of soiling

their pure white garments. We arrived at Mr. Lyons's about five, and were cordially met by Mrs. L. and her daughter.

On Wednesday, we attended a meeting at Mr. Lyons's church. The house was filled with nicely-dressed natives. Grandpa and Mr. L. sat in front of the pulpit. At the back of the church was a large choir of men and women, who sung well and with animation, beating time with their hands.

Soon after we entered, they sung an original hymn by a native named Lyana, which the choir sung to the tune of "Hendon."

" Nani ke aloha la !
Me ka olioli pu
I ka malihini hou —
E aloha, aloha oe.

" Holo oia a maanei,
Mai Amerika mai no,
Eia no ! ua komo mai —
E aloha, aloha oe.

" A, ma keia la maikai,
Hui aloha pu kakou,

Ma ka Luakini nei ;
E aloha, aloha oe.

“ E hauoli, oli pu,
E na hoahanau a pau,
Kane, wahine, keiki no,
E aloha, aloha oe.

“ Na ia nei i hoouna mai
I na misioneri nei,
E ao mai ia kakou nei ;
E aloha, aloha oe.

“ E ala, oli kakou pu,
A kokua aloha no
Ka makua o kakou ; —
E aloha, aloha mau.”

Mr. Bingham, one of the first missionaries to the islands, has given us this translation :

“ Wonderful that love sincere !
Great our joint rejoicings here,
For the stranger guest we see ;
Cordial welcome, friend, to thee.

“ Sailing far to reach our homes,
From America he comes ;
Lo ! in peace he enters here ;
Welcome to our hearts sincere.

“ Now on this delightful day,
We, in love, unite to pray :
Here beneath our temple spire,
We our welcome give thee, sire.

“ Jointly chanting, now rejoice ;
Brethren, all unite your voice ;
Husbands, wives, and little ones,
Greet this friend with grateful tones.

“ This is he who hither sends
These true missionary friends,
To enlighten our dark mind ;
Thanks and love to one so kind.

“ Let us then all rise and sing,
And our grateful succor bring ;
For our sire our love to prove, —
Love, good-will, unceasing love.”

Grandpa then made an address, and told them about the missions in Western Asia. Then Kanoa, the missionary to Micronesia, made a prayer ; after which, he and his wife sung a Micronesian hymn. Grandpa told them, in another short address, about the India missions. Mr. Lyons then arose and spoke about his own mission, and introduced his senior deacon, Timotao Nalanipo, who made a speech in Hawaiian. Mr. Lyons translated it, and I will read you the translation.

“ The church-members of the highlands

of Waimea, the old men, the aged women, the strong men, the youth and children, tender, through me, their salutation to you, the secretary, your companion, and daughter. Great, indeed, is our joy in being permitted to see you, to welcome you to our land. You have been sent by the learned Missionary Society of great America, as its delegate, to see the works of the gospel heralds you have sent to us.

“ We, the ancient men of Kamehameha’s time, were once idolaters, murderers, guilty of infanticide, polygamy, and constantly quarreling one with another. On the death of Kamehameha, the kingdom devolved on his son Liholiho. He abolished idolatry, broke the tabus ; men and women for the first time ate together, and the temples and gods were burned to ashes.

“ Still we lived on in poverty and darkness, and in secret worship of idols, and were without the knowledge of the living

and true God. Men, women, and children were promiscuously devoted to the most sordid pleasures, heathenish dances, and revelries, day and night. In the year 1820, the missionaries, Mr. Bingham and company, came to these islands to proclaim the blessed gospel to us, who knew not God, nor had heard of the death of Jesus, the Messiah, the Saviour of the world. It was you, the Missionary Society you represent, that loved us, and sent the good missionaries to our dark land.

“ The king and his premier allowed the missionaries to dwell with us ; to introduce a new order of things ; to teach us first the twelve letters of the alphabet, then spelling, then reading and writing.

“ During the forty-three years the missionaries have resided on the islands, much seed has been sown, much labor performed, and wonderful have been the results. We were once all dark, buried in darkness, sunk

to the lowest depths of ignorance, roaming about the fields and woods, like wild beasts, without clothing, our naked bodies most shamefully exposed and blackened by the sun, without books, without Bibles, without Christianity, plunging into the darkness of hell. Now we are clothed, like civilized beings ; we are Christianized ; we are gathered into churches ; we are intelligent ; we are supplied with books, Bibles and hymn-books ; and are living for God and for heaven ; and this through the labors of the missionaries you have sent us.

“ Our joy is inexpressible in seeing you ; and we beg you to carry back to your associates, to the Missionary Society, to all the American churches connected with it, the warmest salutations of the churches of Waimea and Hamakua.”

This good old man has since died, and gone, doubtless, to be with his Lord whom he so long loved and served.

At the close of the Hawaiian address, another original native hymn was sung, composed by Samuela, and sung to the tune of "Farewell, farewell is a lonely sound."

"Auwe ; auwe ; aloha la
Ka malihini hou
Ma keia la hauoli nei
Ua hui pu kakou.

"Auwe ; auwe ; aloha la
Ka malihini hou
A eia la ua komo mai
Ka luakini nei.

"Auwe ; auwe ; aloha la
Ka malihini hou
A na ia nei i hoouna mai
Na misionari nei.

"Auwe ; auwe ; aloha la
Ka ekalesia nei
Kane, wahine, kamalii
Kokua pu kakou.

"Auwe ; auwe ; aloha la
Ka makua a kakou
Aloha a mahalo pu
Ka malihini hou."

Mr. Lyons translated it for us : —

"Oh ! oh ! we'll welcome you, sire,
The stranger we now greet.

This is a gladsome day, sire ;
For we together meet.

“ Oh ! oh ! we'll welcome you, sire,
The stranger of whom we've heard ;
Lo ! now with us you enter here,
This temple of the Lord.

“ Oh ! oh ! we'll welcome you, sire,
The stranger to our land ;
'Twas you who loved and sent to us
The missionary band.

“ Oh ! oh ! we'll welcome you, sire,
Say all the brethren here,
Men, women, and the children, sire,
Unite in love sincere,

“ Oh ! oh ! we'll welcome you, sire,
Our father and our friend ;
Our best respects and wishes has
This stranger to our land.”

After this was sung, we shook hands with nearly all in the church. Many, to our embarrassment, brought little tokens of good-will in money, amounting in all to ten dollars. With this we bought Hawaiian Bibles to be distributed among the people. Imagine a man, coming up to shake hands, but stopping before he did it

diving his hand into the pocket of his pantaloons, taking out a quarter of a dollar and laying it on the table, then shaking hands as if he had paid for it! They have, however, none of that feeling.

The tea-bell! the tea-bell!

XV.

Maui.



OUR o'clock came, and with it my little folks, all ready for a story. So I commenced.

We left Waimea on the morning of April 23, and rode on horseback to Kowaihae, a distance of twelve miles; there we were to take the steamer Kilauea.

On our way down to the shore we visited a heiau [hay-ow], or heathen temple. It was built by Kamehameha I. at the time he was going over to conquer Maui [Mow-e]. This was the last temple built on Hawaii. All the inhabitants of the

island, men and women, were commanded to come and help build it, and none dared to stay away. It is about two hundred feet square, twenty-five feet high, and as many feet thick, of solid stone, just like a massive wall. Within we saw where the sacrifices were laid overnight, and the pit where they were thrown in the morning, — a place called by the natives hell.

“What were their sacrifices, aunty?” asked Willie.

Human beings, — generally lame or maimed persons. Before Kamehameha I. left for the conquest of Maui, thirteen human sacrifices are said to have been offered on this altar to insure him success.

After being hospitably entertained by a son of Judge Allen at Kowaihae, we went on board the steamer about eight o'clock in the evening, and soon Hawaii was left behind in the darkness. We had finished our tour of that island, and saw it no more.

We had a rough night, and did not arrive at Kalepolepo, Maui, until twelve o'clock. We went on shore in a high wind, and landed in a storm of sand.

“ A storm of *sand*, aunty ! What do you mean ? ” asked Carrie.

Just what I say, — a storm of sand. The wind was so strong that the very sand was blown up in our faces with such force as to make the skin tingle.

Mr. Alexander met us, and we started in this same storm and high wind for Wailuku, ten miles distant, where he resides. Even the gentlemen had veils over their faces, and hats tied on with handkerchiefs. The air was so thick with sand that we could hardly see, but we pushed bravely on. We were all on horseback, our baggage coming on more slowly in an ox-cart.

We had just got within sight of Mr. Alexander's house, having only a ride of perhaps ten minutes before us, when, to our

dismay, there came a deluge of rain. My veil in a moment became like ground glass, the water making it impossible for me to see through it. Of course I could not guide my horse, but he followed the rest of the company ; and glad indeed were we to change our soaked garments for others kindly furnished by the mission family, and thankful that our baggage did not arrive until after the shower was over, so that it escaped getting wet.

The next day we had a visit from many native men and women, who brought their gifts of eggs, onions, cabbages, fowls, and melons. They all seemed so genuinely happy to see us that it was a pleasure to meet them.

On the Sabbath we attended church all day, with a well-dressed and decorous congregation of Hawaiians. They had a melodeon and a very good choir. Mr. Alexander told us that six of the choir could play on

the instrument, and they all take turns, one playing in the morning, another in the afternoon. They hired a teacher to come over from Lahaina once or twice a week. This they planned entirely among themselves, I believe.

Monday morning we made up a party to go into Iao [E-ah-o] valley. We were all on horseback, — nine of us, — and a happy company we were. The valley was so narrow that we crossed a swollen and rapid mountain stream five times. The ascent the last part of the way, before reaching the plateau, was very steep. But oh, what a magnificent valley we were in! It was about three miles long, and from one to two broad, while all around us, excepting the side we entered, were precipices from four to six or seven thousand feet high, in many instances perpendicular. It was a grand sight, to be remembered for a lifetime.

We dismounted from our horses, and the

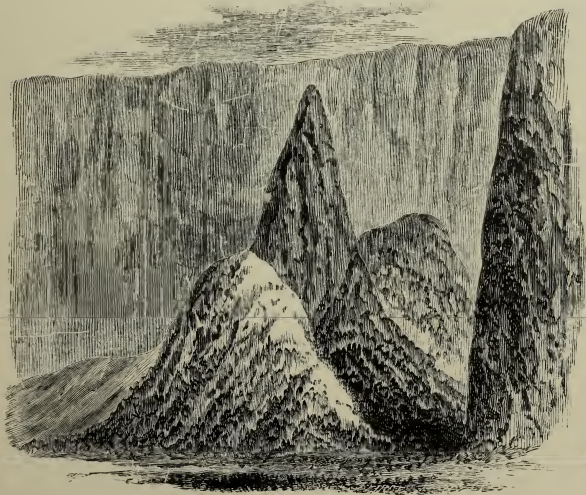
younger portion of the company rambled in the woods in search of tree-shells.

“ *Tree-shells!* What are they, aunty?” asked Harry.

They are snail-shells. I think I was told that over a hundred varieties are found on the islands, every valley and each hundred feet of elevation having a different species. We used to notice the kind of tree that seemed to have the most, and then searched for that tree. They prefer the under sides of the leaves; so we would peer up in the branches, and when we found one, would pick it off and drop it in our pocket-handkerchief. After we were tired of “shelling,” we came back to where our elders were quietly chatting, and had a nice picnic lunch, sitting on the grass, with fern-leaves for plates. What a sight was before our eyes!—these majestic works of God rising thousands of feet above us, apparently resting in clouds!

Towards the entrance of the valley is a

very peculiar peak, called "The Needle," from its being so sharp and pointed. I wanted very much to sketch it, but started off without my materials ; however grandpa had a note-book and pencil, and I knew that he would be willing to give me a leaf ; but while we were off shelling, he left the valley and went back to Wailuku with Mr. Alexander, they having no time for picnicking ; so what was I to do ? Some of the lunch had been wrapped in white paper, which I smoothed out, and relied on some of the party for a pencil. When we got opposite "The Needle," I stopped my horse, and prepared myself for sketching, but not a pencil could be found among all the party. What do you think I did ? I took a pin, and pricked the outline, and places where the heavy shading was to be, and after I got home drew the picture. This "Needle" has an historical interest. You remember I told you that the heathen temple near Kowaihae



was built by Kamehameha I. before he left for the conquest of Maui. It was in this Iao valley that the people of Maui met the king's forces. A band of warriors with their families took refuge on this "Needle," which is accessible at such places only as could be easily defended against a large number. The enemy tried to starve them out, but failed. They then made believe they had left the valley, but at night hid themselves on the banks of the mountain stream where the warriors would go down to drink. As these poor deluded people came to quench their thirst, they murdered them all, men, women, and children. The stream flowed red with blood for two hours. That was heathen warfare, cruel and bloodthirsty, and this was the last battle fought on Maui; for the island became subject to the rule of Kamehameha I.

At six o'clock Wednesday morning, we started on horseback for Maanea's Landing,

seven miles off, on the opposite side of the bay from Kalepolepo, expecting to take a whale-boat to Lahaina; but no whale-boat was there, so we had to return, bag and baggage, to Mr. Alexander's. We rode back the distance of seven miles in an hour, which we thought was doing very well, as grandma kept her place in the cavalcade all the way.

We passed over miles of land desolated by a waterspout which broke on the mountains, rolling down a flood of water with vast quantities of earth and stone into the valley below.

“What is a *waterspout*?”

It is a sort of whirlwind at sea; a body of water is caught up by the wind, sometimes joining the cloud above it, and rolling on until it meets with some obstacle, when it breaks, and washes away houses and trees, or anything movable. It will sink a ship if it strikes it.

The next morning we went down again to the shore, and were more successful, for the boat was there waiting for us. As the wind was fair, the boat-boys raised their sail, and we danced over the waves swiftly and merrily. After an hour's easy sailing, the wind left us, and our men took their oars for a two hours' rowing to Lahaina. For a part of the time we passed through shallow water over a coral reef, where we could look down upon forests of coral, shaped like branches of trees, white, or tinged slightly with red or green. It was a beautiful sight, and I longed to get some to bring home. We came safely through the surf. Lahaina looks beautifully as you approach it from the sea. It has some very pretty houses, and they seem to be embowered by coconut and other trees, so that the whole scene is more tropical in its appearance than any other place on the islands. We landed at the same spot where we had done six

weeks before, and found our friends all ready to greet us, having seen our boat approaching. Our three hours' sail had been a very pleasant one, and the only sail we had had in a whale-boat.

After dinner, without stopping to rest, we mounted our horses, and sped up the hill to Lahainaluna, a distance of two miles, over a hot, dusty road, to attend the examination of the native seminary or college there. Most of the services were conducted in an unknown tongue, but the answers were prompt, and seemed to be in most instances satisfactory. After sitting and hearing recitations for about three hours, we left, and visited some of the rooms of the students. They looked very neat and clean, many of them having gay patchwork quilts on their beds, and quite a number of them had our illustrated newspapers pinned on the wall, with their favorite general occupying a conspicuous place.

The first of May was commencement day. The exercises were held in the church at Lahaina. We went down about nine. The alumni walked in a procession to the church, and were a fine-looking, intelligent set of men. The addresses were very creditable. The audience were attentive and quiet, and were well-dressed. The singing was very good, — Hawaiian words set to some of our familiar college tunes, which were sung with a great deal of spirit.

After the exercises in the church, the alumni had a dinner in the yard of the church, under a grove of cocoa-nut trees. The foreign guests were honored with a table by themselves, and were served by students. At the end of the table was a pig roasted whole, stuffed with greens, baked with hot stones in one of their ovens in the ground. This dish they call "luau" [lu-ow]. Besides whole pig, they had other pork, veal, poi, bread, cake, and cocoa-nut

water. The whole dinner was well-served, and the white guests showed their appreciation of the good things by making a hearty dinner.

But we must wait for our ride in Lahaina until to-morrow.

XVI.

Lahaina—Kauai.



OME, aunty," called Alice,
"we want to take our ride
in Lahaina."

We started soon after the alumni dinner, and rode down towards the beach, where we saw the American consul's residence, a cozy, thatched house, then turned off upon a road leading to the hospital. Here is the finest grove of cocoa-nut trees to be seen anywhere on the group of islands. Soon after the arrival of the missionaries, they perceived that no one planted cocoa-nuts, and that there was danger of the trees dying

out. A missionary was talking to a high chief woman, and said to her, "Why don't you plant cocoa-nuts, so that trees may grow?" "Oh! I shall never live to eat them," she carelessly remarked. "True," said the missionary, "you may not live to eat them, but your children may live and enjoy the fruit."

She thought a few moments ; a new idea seemed to have entered that mind just coming out from the darkness of heathenism into the light of Christianity. She had been accustomed only to think of herself, and what she might enjoy. It had never occurred to her that she could do anything for those who came after her until now, and she said, "It shall be done ;" and within twenty-four hours, a schooner was sent off, which brought a load of cocoa-nuts, and these were planted where now is that beautiful cocoa-nut grove.

On returning from this grove, we passed

by fields of sugar-cane, and visited Mr. Spencer's sugar-mill. It was a sweet place, and sticky too! They have a mill turned by twelve or fourteen mules in spans, which grinds the cane and presses out the juice. Then there are several vats in a row, with fires under them, where the juice is boiled. The sugar is clarified by lime-water; it is then put into round sieves which turn with great rapidity, and through which the syrup is pressed, leaving a clean-looking, dry, brown sugar. That is the process as near as I remember it. They make barrels in the same building, so that the sugar leaves the mill all ready for exporting.

Lahaina is a very dusty place, the earth is red and sticky. If we stayed there long, it seemed as if not only our clothes, but we ourselves, must become copper-colored.

On the Sabbath, May 3, a large assembly met at the church, and grandpa addressed them. They listened as usual with great

attention, and after the service was over, they all flocked about him, wishing to shake hands. The communion service was in the afternoon, and all the ministers present took part. It was an interesting service, natives and foreigners sitting together around their Lord's table. Several friends in the mission coming together in the evening, at Dr. Baldwin's house, we sung hymns for an hour to our dear home tunes. It recalled to some of us our own loved America and the family circle where in years gone by we had sung with these friends the same tunes.

On Monday we attended an exhibition of Mr. Dwight Baldwin's native school. It was very interesting. The dialogues were exciting, even though in an unknown tongue and spoken by little boys; for they acted them out thoroughly, seeming to forget the spectators entirely. The singing was spirited and in good time. There was none of that painful shyness and hesitation which

we sometimes see in our American schools, and we greatly enjoyed the scene.

Tuesday being our last day in Lahaina, a great many natives came to see us, bringing little love-tokens, — one or two shells such as they wear for bracelets, or a pretty wreath of yellow feathers such as are worn for a necklace. At seven in the evening, attended by quite a cavalcade of natives and other friends, we went on board the steamer Kilauea, and soon had our last view of Maui, as we slowly steamed away, and the darkness came on.

We entered the port of Honolulu at about ten the next morning, having been absent on our tour of the islands of Hawaii and Maui fifty-eight days. Our welcome from the friends in Honolulu was very hearty. The calls upon us commenced as soon as we reached Mr. Clark's, and each day we dined or took tea or lunched with some one of the mission families.

Saturday morning, May 9, was spent in calling on the old Governor Kekuanaoa, and his daughter, the Princess Victoria, the father and sister of the present and late kings. They live in a very pretty-looking house, with a garden attached to it. The governor has a grapery, and presented us with some fine bunches of grapes. There were some very long canoes being made on his premises, consisting each of the trunk of a tree, scooped out and prettily finished.

Monday afternoon we went on board the little steam-schooner, Annie Laurie, bound for the island of Kauai [Kow-i]. Hon. R. C. Wyllie was on board, and a band of music accompanied us for a short distance. Music is music the world over, but this was the only brass band on the islands.

One of the gentlemen on board was asked, the next morning, how he felt, and replied, "I feel as if I had swallowed a kitten and a mouse, and the kitten was after the

mouse!" — the best description I have ever heard of sea-sickness.

We arrived at Hanalei, Kauai, about twelve on Tuesday, and were met on the beach by the missionaries, Messrs. Johnson and Wilcox, who escorted us on horseback to the house of the former gentleman. The next morning we breakfasted at Mr. Wilcox's, then at twelve had a meeting in the church, where a goodly number of natives were assembled; among them Kanoa, the governor of Kauai, who afterwards dined with us.

At three o'clock, Mr. Wyllie sent down a boat for our party, to take us to his estate, called Princeville. It was a delightful row up the river, the foliage on either bank was the richest and most luxuriant we had seen. There was hardly a ripple on the water, and no sound was to be heard but the gentle dip of the oars.

First, we visited the sugar-mill, which is

the finest and most expensive on the islands. There we witnessed the whole process, from the grinding of the cane to the grained sugar. After that we went up to the agent's house, and were cordially welcomed by his family, and shown over the beautiful garden surrounding the house. There was a hedge of lovely roses, with a profusion of fragrant blossoms. They gave us strawberries, peaches, pine-apples, and sugar-cane to take with us, — a citron, too, such as our preserved citron for cake is made of. It looked like an enormous lemon. Besides this, we had an elegant bouquet of flowers, — a magnificent fragrant magnolia, that queen of flowers, looking so waxen with its heavy white leaves, and in beautiful contrast with it the scarlet pomegranate blossoms: a fair white lily and snowy japonica completed a bouquet fit for a royal gift.

The view from the piazza is exquisite. Mountains rise peak above peak in the

distance, while a beautiful valley, with its meandering stream, lies at your feet. Tropical trees and lovely flowers are all around you. I do not wonder that Mr. Wyllie is proud of Kikiula valley, with its waving fields of sugar-cane. He called his estate Princeville after the young Prince of Hawaii, who is now dead.

On Thursday morning, bright and early, we started on our travels again. The roads of Kauai are better than on any of the other islands. Several members of the party started a little before the others, and rode up Kikiula valley through Princeville. After a ride of about two and a half miles, we dismounted, and ascended a little eminence. What a scene was before us! Far below was the river with its rapids, the course of which we could trace down the valley for some distance. Around us were the mountains, on the left a bluff, and before us the Twin Peaks, with cascades in

the distance. We galloped back, and soon overtook our cavalcade. We had a fine ride that day through groves of tropical-looking lohala-trees. Verdant valleys and lovely cascades, winding streams and wooded precipices, abound. After fording a narrow arm of the sea, grandma's horse gave himself so violent a shake that the girth of the saddle broke, throwing both her and the saddle to the ground. Fortunately, no bones were broken, as where she fell the sand was quite deep, but she felt the shock for several days. We lunched at the house of a German, who kept a small store, and then rode on several miles to Kealia Park, the residence of Mr. Krull, a kind German gentleman, who hospitably entertained us overnight. Mr. Krull has a large dairy, which in part supplies the Honolulu market with butter. He has a well-conducted, elegant, and tasteful establishment; indeed, it was difficult to imagine that no lady's

hand was employed in it. The grounds about the house are prettily laid out, and two walks lead to a picturesque summer-house, called "Bellevue," from which one looks off over an extensive plain to the sea. We slept in a nice grass house, with matting on the side instead of paper. Familiar engravings adorned the walls, and the beds, with their pretty muslin mosquito-curtains, looked inviting enough to the weary traveler.

We saw many kinds of tea-roses, with their delicate tints. The garden abounded in a variety of vegetables, and we feasted on strawberries which were hanging on their stems in the morning. Within sight was a fine bluff extending down to the sea. About fifty feet from the top of the ledge was a round hole, through which we could see the sky. The bluff was very steep and thin, and exceedingly bold in its outlines, as almost all the ranges of hills are here.

But now we must go to tea.

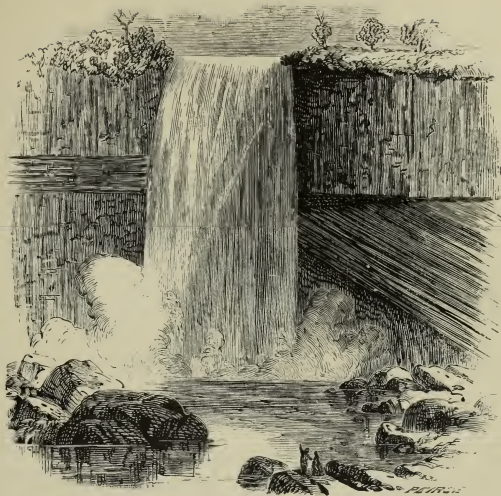
XVII.

Kauai and Oahu.



OME aunty, come!" said Alice; "Willie and Carrie sent me to call you." So I went with my little messenger.

We left Mr. Krull's on the morning of May 15, and had a sandy and uninteresting ride until noon. The only pleasant thing about it, beside good company, was an exquisite bouquet of beautiful tea-rose-buds, from our kind entertainer's garden. At noon a carriage met us, kindly sent by a foreign resident at Lihue, and the older members of the party got into it. It was a



heavily-built English barouche drawn by two horses. Two native outriders, when a steep hill was to be ascended, attached lassos to the carriage, which were fastened to their saddles, so that, with the aid of their horses, the carriage went steadily and quickly over the ground, and the occupants had the satisfaction of riding in a coach and four.

“What are *lassos* ?” asked Alice.

A lasso is a long rope, sometimes made of leather. It is generally used to catch wild horses or cattle with ; but it did excellent service in the way in which it was used that day.

We arrived at Mrs. Rice's, Lihue, in good season, and stayed there overnight. We visited another sugar-mill there, and found it like the others, — a *sweet* place.

Early on Saturday morning, I started on an excursion to Wailua Falls, about six miles distant. We rode over field and meadow, when suddenly my companion

reined in his horse, and came for me to dismount. "But where are the falls?" said I. "You will see soon." A few steps brought me to the brink of an abyss. What a beautiful scene burst upon my astonished eye! Right before me was this huge sheet of water, pouring into a dark circular pool beneath. One side of the fall was heavy, the other so thin that it seemed as if every drop fell by itself; while covering the black rocks beneath, as if with emerald velvet, were delicate ferns and mosses. How pure and fleecy it looked! while far, far below us the river gleamed like silver through the leaves. The height of this fall is one hundred and eighty-six feet, and it is fifty feet broad. Two miles farther up the river is another fall nearly as high, but divided into two cascades, one about one hundred feet, the other perhaps seventy.

There is a fine estate not far from the falls that seemed more like an American

country-seat than any I saw on the islands. A large square house is built upon the edge of what was once an old crater, but which is now transformed into a fine garden, abounding in flowers. This is a dairy-farm, and is well kept. Our sixteen miles' ride was performed in less than three hours, which we thought fast riding, there being no road most of the way.

We left Lihue at ten o'clock, and rode over to Koloa, ten miles, in the barouche, arriving there in time for dinner.

After tea the young people of the mission went down upon the beach to see the "Spouting Horn." Through an underground channel, the waves are driven in with so much force as to make, through a small hole in the rock, a fountain forty or fifty feet high, with a sound that is heard for some distance. There is also a blow-hole, reminding one of the volcano, and a

“boiler,” — a round cavity where the waves sink, and then suddenly boil over.

On the Sabbath, grandpa addressed the natives in the morning. The governor of the island of Kauai was present. In the afternoon he preached to the foreigners. Quite a party came over from Lihue, making a goodly number in all. Almost all the native churches on the Sandwich Islands are pretty and neat. The people seem to take a great deal of pride in them, and keep them in good repair. All are furnished with bells, so that the sound of the “church-going bell” is heard in every village.

Monday morning we started for Waimea with a large cavalcade, our friends wishing to see us safely over the first half of our way. Mr. Rowell, of Waimea, met us. The country as we neared Waimea grew desolate. They had had no rain there for a year, and nearly all vegetation had

dried up. Not a blade of grass was seen, and only a few green trees relieved the eye in that arid region. The reason of the drought is that Waimea is on the leeward side of the mountains, which are a barrier to the clouds and rain.

“What is *leeward*?” asked Harry.

On the opposite side from that upon which the wind blows. We were met with great cordiality by the entire family. “Old Jona” came to see us, an aged Hawaiian of Kamehameha I.’s time. A very interesting old man he was too.

The next morning there was a meeting at the church, and grandpa addressed the natives. “Old Jona” sat in front of the pulpit, and when anything grandpa said pleased him particularly, he would turn round to him, smile, and nod his head. It was amusing to observe his evident enjoyment.

Some of us went down to the beach. The

tide was coming in, and the boys made what they called sandboats. They built a bank in the shape of a boat, and watched to see the waves wash it away. At length they made a heavy sand fort, which they called Sumter, that seemed strong enough to defy the assaults of the water. Wave after wave dashed against and over it, and finally it, too, disappeared like the others.

In the afternoon we rode up into the valley, where Mr. Rowell's garden is. There everything was green, in striking contrast with the scene near his house. We found some nice peaches, and brought home a pretty bouquet of white roses and nasturtions. The next day, Wednesday, we started for Koloa. Dr. Smith and party met us at Wahiawa. We stopped to dine at Mr. Duncan McBride's, a Scotchman's, where we were sumptuously entertained. After tea at Dr. Smith's, we embarked on the steam-schooner Annie Laurie, and soon

after seven, took our farewell look at the island of Kauai.

Two nights and a day were spent on the deck of that schooner, with a chopped sea, a head-wind, and sea-sickness, — a weary, dreary time. We were somewhat comforted about three o'clock on Friday morning by hailing the bark *Young Hector*, just outside of Honolulu harbor; for we knew that before long home letters would be in our hands, and we had received none for a month. About five o'clock, our steamer reached the wharf, and we were soon in our comfortable quarters at Mr. Clark's. About eight o'clock our letters came.

We had little time for rest; for the next day, Saturday, May 23, we started on our tour around Oahu.

We saw among the Moanalua hills a curious little salt lake, as salt as the sea. Here a slight shower dampened our clothes, but not our spirits. About fifteen miles

from Honolulu we stopped at Ewa, where grandpa was to hold a meeting in the church. Quite a number of natives came, and we had a pleasant greeting. The lunch was served for us at Mr. Bishop's house, and we then resumed our journey over a good road, and finished our ride of thirty-five miles about five o'clock. We stayed at Mr. Emerson's, Waialua, and had two services in the native language on the Sabbath. We really enjoyed these meetings with the natives, and constantly exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!" Only a few years ago, these islands were in the depths of barbarism and idolatry; now, what a change! The people are well dressed; in the house of God they are respectful and attentive, have their own deacons, their own choir, are intelligent. Most of them can read, and when the text was given out, or a chapter read, often the Bible would be opened to the place, and

they would follow the reading with great apparent interest.

On Monday the younger members of the party rode to a grove about eight miles distant to get tree-shells, and brought home quite a number.

Tuesday morning we started for Kualoa. Grandpa and grandma rode in Mr. Emerson's wagon drawn by two horses ; the rest of us were on horseback. The roads were good, our spirits excellent, and the weather fine ; so, of course, all was well. Mr. Charles H. Judd met us with his double team about five miles out, and we lunched at Mr. Moffatt's. Mr. Moffatt is an Englishman, who has here a fine place, and large herds of cattle. He has a pretty bathing-place near the house, perhaps twenty feet in diameter, half in sunlight, half in a grotto, with delicate ferns almost hiding the rock.

There were several peacocks sunning

themselves on a wall near the house ; but none of them condescended to spread their beautiful feathers for us to admire. Before the house are two large stone idols, the only ones we saw on the islands.

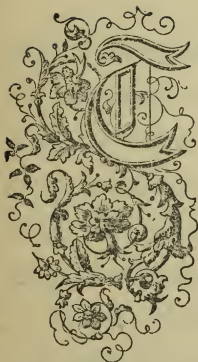
“ Are they worshiped, aunty ? ” asked Alice.

No, they are placed there as curiosities.

Grandpa and Mr. Judd had an engagement, and started before us. Grandma rode in Mr. Judd's wagon, and we left Mr. Moffatt's about two.

XVIII.

Oahu.



HE next day at four, I took my customary seat, surrounded by my little group, and resumed my narrative.

About ten miles from Kahuku, at Hauula, is a church with a native pastor, — Mr. Kuaia. We attended a meeting there, and afterward dined at his house. He is a well-educated and gentlemanly man, and his wife an interesting woman. They live in a neat grass house, furnished simply but comfortably in American style. The dinner passed off in a very satisfactory

manner. They had pretty wreaths prepared for us ; some were made of a small orange-colored apple, others of yellow marigolds strung on a cord. After dinner we rode another ten miles, and were tired enough with our long day's ride to sleep well.

The next morning we rode over to the house of a friend to see the lassoing of cattle. The house was on quite an eminence, so that we had a good view of a level plain before it. A herd of cattle were driven into the valley, and three gentlemen on trained horses, with lassos in their hands, each selected their animal, and started in pursuit. It seemed as if in an instant the creature knew it was hunted, for it would move from place to place, and then start on a run, endeavoring to elude its pursuers ; but the horseman, never for a moment losing sight of his prey, galloped on, turning this way and that as the crea-

ture did, until near enough, and then the lasso sped through the air coiling round and round the poor animal's legs, generally throwing him on his knees. Then the hunter leaped from his saddle, the intelligent horse standing still, and the lasso was drawn tighter and tighter until the animal fell on his side. Finally, a rope was tied round the hind legs, and the work was done. It was very exciting, as once in a while a horse would stumble and fall, sometimes throwing his rider; and oftentimes the chase was long, the animal eluding the hunter's grasp just as he thought he had cornered him.

“Oh, I wish I had been there!” said Harry.

Yes, I don't doubt that you would have enjoyed it; but I felt so sorry for the poor cattle that it tired me.

In the afternoon, we young people went on an excursion of about twenty miles on

horseback to see the Falls of Ka Liuwaa. After passing about eight miles on the beach, we turned up a mountain ravine; two miles more brought us to the end of our ride. We dismounted and had a lunch, sitting in the branches of a fallen kukui-tree, and drinking water from a cup made of a taro leaf. We took off our riding-skirts, threw them over the saddle, and leaving our horses in the care of a native man, walked up the narrow gorge, or gulch, as they call it here, seldom more than one or two hundred feet wide, with precipitous sides rising sometimes a thousand feet above us. At times we were just on the edge of the stream, but as often jumping from rock to rock in the very bed of the brook. Towards the termination of the gorge, is a place in the rock called "The Canoe," a half-circle gouged right down the precipice as smooth as if chiseled out, about fifty feet wide, and a thousand feet deep.

“ Why do they call it “ *The Canoe* ” ? asked Willie.

There is a story connected with it, as with everything on these islands. One of their gods was angry with another god, and sought to kill him. I believe the latter, who was running away, slipped his canoe down the rock, making the groove I have described, and escaped to the sea.

Soon we came to the fall itself, and here the precipices on each side were one and two thousand feet high. The fall is about a hundred feet, running through a narrow gulch from a lake above, and probably never was seen by a foreign eye. It was a lovely and romantic place. The water fell into a small, but deep, circular pond. Exquisite varieties of ferns and mosses grew upon the rocks lining its sides, and no sound was heard but the plashing of water.

Some of the natives are said to have a superstitious fear of the place, the remains

of their old religion ; and the way up was lined with offerings, consisting of a leaf with a few stones piled on it. I don't believe they are much afraid, for they laughed if the stones were thrown over.

The next day we rode on fifteen miles to Kaneohe. Here we met Rev. Mr. Parker's people. On our way we passed several rice-fields. Rice is grown in wet places, like the taro. It looks very much like grain as you see it in the distance, but it is of a very brilliant green.

Early the next morning we left for Honolulu. Soon after we started, our baggage-horse ran away. One of the bags which he bore got loose and frightened him. Our horses saw him coming with one bag swinging back and forth under his body, and began to be uneasy, so we turned them off to the side of the road, and he rushed past us. The gentlemen and natives started in pursuit. The poor horse crossed a river,

and was finally caught in a taro-patch. Our bags were torn to pieces, and many of their contents scattered over the plain; some were wet through or stained with the green mud from the taro-fields.

“Did you find all your things?” asked Harry.

Almost everything; the poor horse looked sadly jaded and tired, but he had to carry the baggage the rest of the way.

We rode up a precipitous ascent two or three thousand feet high, by a zigzag road cut into its sides. The adjacent precipices are some of them much higher. Over one of these Kamehameha I. drove the defeated warriors of Oahu, in his last battle on the island. That was savage warfare. The precipice up which we rode is called “The Pali,” or precipice; it is at the head of Nuuanu valley. The finest approach to it is from Honolulu. Masses of rock rise high above you on either side, while a

beautiful panorama of hills, valleys, cottages, winding streams, and verdant plantations all opens to your astonished eye, and bounding the distant view is the ocean.

Riding down Nuuanu valley, we were again surrounded by our Honolulu friends. Our tour of the Hawaiian Islands was ended.

The next day, May 30, the steamer Kilauea came into port, bringing missionaries from the other islands to attend the general meeting appointed to be held in Honolulu in the month of June.

The meeting opened June 3, and every morning and afternoon there were business meetings until the 16th, when the examination of Oahu College at Punahou commenced. It was a fine examination,—the same studies as in our New England academies. It lasted through two days, and on the third day there was an exhibition in the evening at the stone church. The house

was prettily decorated, the king lending his royal reception-flag for the occasion, an enormous banner forty feet long. This was suspended by the four corners from the ceiling, forming a sort of canopy over the platform. There were also American, French, British, Spanish, and Hawaiian flags, together with wreaths, mottoes, and bouquets. The church was crowded with foreigners and natives. The speeches were good, the young men doing themselves credit, and the singing was fine ; indeed, there are some superior singers in Honolulu. Commencement ended, as in our own country, with the president's levee. Everybody seemed to be present, and to enjoy themselves, and did ample justice to the abundant collation spread in the college hall. The evening closed with patriotic songs, and thus ended the college year of 1863.

General meeting was resumed after the

exercises at Punahou were concluded. Almost every missionary was present, and had brought a part or the whole of his family. The Pastor of the Foreign Church, the Seamen's Chaplain, President of Oahu College, native pastors and delegates were all present. It was delightful to witness the harmony pervading this large body, and to see how strong the Christian and missionary tie that bound them together. There they sat day after day, exchanging their opinions, discussing questions, and settling matters of great importance to them and the people, meeting and praying together, and it seemed as if the spirit of Christ rested upon them ; for no jar or discord was allowed to enter.

The work of the Lord in those islands is very great. There are now only 67,000 inhabitants, and yet in these forty-three years in which the mission has been in operation there have been 52,413 converts,

and 19,679 are now connected with the churches. Surely, this may be called a Christian nation. There was another "Cousins' Meeting" on the evening of June 6th. I wish you could peep in upon one of these gatherings. Thirty or forty young people together, all united by the missionary tie, the ladies wearing light or white muslins, with gay belts and sashes, flowers in their hair, and happy, joyous, faces; the gentlemen with a rose in their button-hole, in summer dress; windows, doors, and blinds all open; and after the business of the meeting is over, numerous happy couples promenading to and fro on the piazza. All this gives a festive look, and one has a feeling of interest not felt in gatherings in our own land. At parties there, one never expected a greater variety of refreshments than cake, coffee, and strawberries; so they can be conducted without much expense, and little companies

are the order of the day. Then it is so easy getting about ; no cold winter snows to trudge through, no chilling wind to guard against ; everybody has a horse or vehicle of some kind, or his next neighbor has, and is willing to be neighborly.

But we must leave Honolulu parties, and go to an American supper.

XIX.

Honolulu again.



THE little Alice came for me, with her bright face, at four o'clock next day, to lead me to my accustomed seat in the sitting-room, where my happy little group were always awaiting me.

The general meeting occupied most of the days until three o'clock, and we ladies took our sewing and listened to the grave debates. It was an interesting season to all present.

Half a dozen of us started on horseback

one afternoon, to visit Kalihe valley, one of the beautiful gulches near Honolulu; but when we reached the entrance of the valley, it rained so that we could not explore its charms. But we turned off to the residence of an aged blind man, and rambled in his garden among peach, orange, and mango-trees, and then sat on the piazza eating mangoes and chatting for an hour. One of the most valued trees in this whole garden was a little dwarf apple-tree, with two good-sized apples on it. Those were some of the first ever grown on the islands, I believe. After our mango feast, we had a brisk gallop back to the town.

One day we occupied in making wreaths and mottoes to decorate the schoolhouse, where the annual meeting of the Cousins' Society was to be held in the evening. Over the middle window, opposite the door, were the letters "X L C R" [Excelsior], and below were a wreath and festoon,

with pendants intermixed with beautiful flowers. On either side, was "UNITY, 1852" [when the society was formed], and "HARMONY, 1863." In the arch of each window hung a wreath of maile, a pretty green vine. Between each window was a tin candle-stand, trimmed with the vine and flowers. Over the door were four small American flags intertwined with one Hawaiian flag. The reports of the officers were read, and various addresses made, and "Unity" and "Harmony" were the watch-words of the meeting. We had one more meeting at the schoolhouse, when grandpa addressed the Cousins, reminding them of the responsibility resting on them; that as their fathers laid the burden down, they must take it up, and be to the Hawaiian people a help and support. They answered that they were ready and willing, and, God helping them, they would try and

be faithful to the people committed to their care.

The last part of our stay in Honolulu we spent at the hospitable house of Mrs. Chamberlain, one of the oldest buildings in Honolulu. The house was in a very sunny spot, and was of stone. Pretty little lizards used to come out of their hiding-places and sun themselves, and I often watched them as they played about.

“Wouldn’t they hurt you?” asked timid little Alice.

Oh, no, indeed! they are perfectly harmless. They are very small and delicate; I seldom saw one more than three or four inches long.

“Do they have snakes on the islands?” asked Harry.

No, not one; the only poisonous reptiles are scorpions and centipedes. I saw only one scorpion. That was at Punahou. I was sitting in the parlor one day, and saw

a small peculiar-looking creature creeping towards me on the floor. Some movement of mine made it throw its tail up over its back ; then I knew it was a scorpion ; for I had read that the sting was in the tail, and when frightened, it would throw its tail over its back ready to strike. One of the gentlemen killed it.

I saw only two live centipedes. They are ugly-looking creatures. One dreads a close contact with them. They run and twist about as if they felt they were unwelcome guests.

We had a very pleasant farewell party at Dr. Judd's, where we met missionary friends and some of the foreign consuls and their wives. Once more I explored the extinct crater of Punchbowl, this time on horseback, and admired the beautiful landscape before me when tinged with the setting sun.

On the afternoon of June 26th, the native

women brought us gifts of tapa, necklaces, corals, etc. It was a suggestion of their own. They wished us to take home mementoes of them, and had been planning it for some time among themselves. Some of the necklaces were made of beautiful yellow feathers. Only two of that color grow on the bird, one under each wing; so the necklaces are very valuable. Others were made of hundreds of small braids of human hair, from which is suspended a hook made of whale's tooth. Those were worn in former times only by chiefs.

My last excursion was a ride round the old crater of Diamond Head. We rode through the fine cocoa-nut grove of Wai-kiki, drinking from its refreshing fruit, and then cantered along the sea-beach, nearing the desolate mountain at every bound. Just before we reached its base, — a narrow belt of sand only separating it from the sea, — a party of gayly-dressed natives came one

by one round a projecting point on the full gallop. All wore their red and yellow kehaes, or riding-suits. There were twenty or more of them, and it seemed like a streak from a rainbow as they flitted by.

The nearer we came to Diamond Head, the more forbidding it looked. Nothing green is seen upon it; old decaying, crumbling lava extends from its summit to its base. Beyond the volcano is a very ancient burying-ground on the sea-shore, and as we rode over it, bones were often seen. We completed the circuit of Diamond Head, riding a distance of twelve miles in two hours, and returned quite refreshed by the excursion.

I then bade adieu to my little horse, who had served me so faithfully and well. He bore the name of "Shakspeare," though usually called by the undignified title of Rat. Never did a little horse more deserve

a better name. But then, "What's in a name?"

On Sabbath afternoon, June 28th, Mr. Henry H. Parker, the son of a missionary, was ordained pastor of the congregation worshipping in the stone church. The services were very interesting to witness, but were all in Hawaiian. We had become quite familiar with the native sentence, "E pule kakou" — "Let us pray." The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. Mr. Kuaea, a native minister, and it was an affecting sight to see those two young men, one white — the other dark-skinned, — clasp hands in Christian fellowship.

The 30th of June I attended my last "candy-pull." This is a fashionable amusement there. The candy is made from sugar, and is whiter and less sticky than molasses.

Saturday, July 4th, opened in quite a

patriotic manner with the firing of thirteen cannon. At ten, we went to Fort Street church, and heard a fine oration from the pastor, Rev. Mr. Corwin. The church was decorated with flags. Over the pulpit was laid a very large and elegant American flag, — a silken banner. It seemed like an American assembly on our nation's birthday. Early in the afternoon we attended a picnic on the grounds of Oahu College, Punahou. Those assembled sat in groups on the grass, while our Declaration of Independence was read. Then they adjourned to a long tent, under which were two tiers of tables, abundantly laid with a tempting array of good things, while "the feast of reason and flow of soul" were supplied by several patriotic speeches and songs. Thirteen cannon were fired at noon and night, and fireworks closed the evening. So you see how patriotic Americans are abroad.

July 5th was our last Sabbath in the

islands. Grandpa had a farewell meeting at the stone church in the morning, at which about twenty-five hundred natives were present. Grandpa bade them good-by, and Judge Ii [Ee], one of themselves, expressed their farewell. Many crowded round to say their last "aloha." It really made us feel sad to part from this interesting people. We longed to labor among them, and continue the good work so favorably begun.

Monday morning, July 6th, we went on board the bark Comet. Farewells were said; our visit at these islands was ended; and we were homeward bound.

What happy memories cluster around that little group of islands in the Pacific! We received only good deeds and kind words while there. The houses of missionaries and foreigners were ever opened to us in hospitality, and the natives were ready with a hand-grasp and a hearty "aloha."

It is only about forty-three years since the missionaries first went there, and nobody could read or write, nobody had ever written in their language, and now — thanks to our heavenly Father and the missionaries — almost all the natives can do both.

What should we be, if only a little over forty years ago, our parents had been degraded heathen, knowing nothing of God, wandering about as naked and as wicked as those poor Hawaiians were? We ought to thank God, both for them and for ourselves, — for ourselves, because we were not born thus, and for them, because the light of the gospel and of civilization has dawned upon them.

XX.

Voyage to San Francisco.



OW, aunty, tell us about your homeward voyage," said Willie as I made my appearance in the sitting-room at the usual time. So I began : —

Our voyage was a tedious one, for we had a succession of calms all the way. It was very discouraging, for we would be sailing with a good breeze, our sails all filled ; then the wind would die away, and the sails would flap lazily against the mast.

Our captain was patient and good-natured,

and so were we. That shows you the power of example. If the captain had fumed and fretted, and wondered why we could not have a wind, very likely we should have felt ill-natured and looked cross too, and have had a very unpleasant time. As it was, we made the best of our calms, and hoped for a breeze, and rejoiced even if we were "making haste slowly."

On the ninth day out we had some variety, for a shoal of fish passed us, called albacoa; we caught a fine large one. A ship hove in sight, too, and we thought she had just the name for our calm sailing, the "All-Serene." She was an English ship, from Sydney, Australia, and had been sixty days out. She wanted fresh provisions and flour, so our captain gave her potatoes, bananas, and turkeys. Being so much becalmed ourselves, our captain did not dare to give them flour, as we might come short, and they had plenty of hard bread. It quite

revived our courage, for what were our nine days compared with their sixty days? And we had plenty of provisions and good company.

We saw a great many flying-fish every day. These are small, and have their forward fins so long that they serve them as wings skimming along on the surface of the water. They looked very silvery in the sunlight, and I thought at first they were little white birds.

Several times we saw porpoises, and one day a shoal of whales was in sight. One big black fellow leaped out of the water; we first saw his great head, then his fluked tail thrown up in the air, as he dived down to depths beneath. Some of them were spouting and playing about us, and one had a young whale with her.

A large shoal of "skip jacks" surrounded the ship one morning; there must have been thousands of them!

“What are *skip jacks*?” asked Willie.

A pretty blue fish between one and two feet long; they were mostly blue, but seemed to change to all colors of the rainbow. The men fished for them with a hook covered with a rag, which the fish were supposed to imagine a flying-fish, and ten of them were silly enough to be deceived; so we had a chowder of fresh fish.

The captain had the galley or cook-room cleared up for us one afternoon, and we boiled sugar for candy. He did everything possible for our comfort, and often sent in a dish of hot roasted peanuts for us. These peanuts grew on the Sandwich Islands. We saw the plant, the leaf of which is very much like a clover-leaf, and the nut grows underground on the roots like artichokes. Kind island friends had given us a large supply of bananas and pine-apples; so we had quite a variety on our bill of fare.

On Tuesday, the 28th of July, we came into water colored and of a lighter shade than any we had seen. The cause of this is said to be the immense amount of mud washed down from the gold-diggings through the Sacramento River; I can not say whether this is true or not. We hoped to get into San Francisco in time to dine the next day; but a calm dissipated all such anticipations, and we lay off and on by the Farallone Islands all the night of the 29th.

We saw a great many diver birds, about the size of pigeons. While sailing along on the water, they would all at once dive and disappear, and remain under water a long while.

The Farallone Islands are a small group of rocky islets, lying in the Pacific Ocean, about thirty-five miles west of San Francisco. There are two groups of them, the North and South Farallones, about eight miles distant from each other. The south-

ern islands are the most important. On the summit of the largest rock, which is about three hundred and fifty feet high, is a lighthouse. The only person on the island is the light-keeper. The islands are one vast menagerie. Birds of many varieties make their home here by swarms, and thousands of sea-lions and seals cover the rocks.

“What are *sea-lions*?” asked Harry.

A species of seal often as large as an ox, and weighing from two to three thousand pounds each. They make a very loud noise, a sort of moaning cry, like “yoi hoey, yoi hoey.” The young seals are of a dark mouse color, but the older ones are of a light-brown. At a distance the braying of these sea-lions sounded like the rumbling of a railroad train. There is a hole in the rock on one of these islands, where the air is drawn through with a sound like the whistle of a steam-engine.

Every spot and foothold on these rocks seems to be the abode of a bird or seal; the waters around swarm with life, while large flocks of birds are coming from every direction. Vast quantities of eggs are taken from these rocks and carried to the San Francisco market every year.

We left the Farallones about three o'clock in the morning, and when we came on deck, they were fading in the dim distance.

One of the first objects noticed as we approached the coast was Fort Point, where is a massive fortification, well mounted with heavy guns. Between this point and Lime Point is the celebrated Golden Gate, which is about a mile wide and is the entrance into the bay of San Francisco. Connected with Fort Point is a lighthouse and fog-bell; the latter is always rung during foggy weather.

In the bay just opposite the Golden Gate, and about three and a half miles from Fort

Point, is Alcatrazes Island. It commands the entrance to the great bay of San Francisco. About the center of the island is a large building which may be used for barracks or a citadel. A belt of batteries encircles the island, and it seems to be defended at every point. There is a lighthouse and fog-bell on this island also.

Soon after passing Alcatrazes Island, we came to anchor near Mission Street wharf. We waited for the custom-house officer to come on board. After a short detention we went down the ship's ladder into a small boat, and were soon on shore. Half an hour's ride brought us to the Lick House, and the journey to the Hawaiian Islands was among the things of the past. Though so far away from home and friends, we were in the United States, and under our own beloved flag.

We did not forget to thank the Father of mercies for his kind care of us when on

the deep, and beseech him to continue his loving-kindness to us while in that far-off part of our great country. Friends gathered about us with their warm greetings, and we soon left the hotel and took up our abode in a quiet family circle. But our hearts began to hasten our departure for our eastern home.

XXI.

California.



WE took one day a very pleasant drive out to the Cliff House. Opposite this hotel, which is just on the beach, are some craggy rocks, which are entirely covered with seals and sea-lions. They are so near that you can see them playing in the water, which seems to be alive with them, while their mournful cry echoes in your ears, "yoi hoey, yoi hoey." We took quite a drive on the beach, and saw many little "Portu-

guesse men-of-war," which had been washed up on the sand. They are a sort of stiff jelly fishes, in shape resembling a wafer, with the half of another wafer set up across the center like a sail. We used to see thousands of them floating on the water when at sea. It was quite interesting to watch some little birds, which ran along so swiftly on the sand that they seemed to glide without any movement of their feet. They looked brown, but when they flew, their breasts and the under part of their wings were snowy white; and as their wings vibrated quickly, the sudden alternation of brown and white had a very pretty effect.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of August 5th, we started for Sacramento, on the steamer *Yo Semite*. The steamer was named for a beautiful valley in California. The first object of interest we passed was Alcatrazes Island, with its circle of bat-

teries ; but our chief attention was bestowed upon the city left behind us and the shipping, — the larger craft lying at anchor, or changing their position, and the smaller boats flitting here and there in the bay. Passing several islands, we entered San Pablo Bay [St. Paul]. The scenery on either side was interesting, but soon, passing through the Straits of Carquinez, we were in Suisun Bay, and neared the city of Benicia. An arsenal, barracks for soldiers, and the works of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company are located here. While sailing in this bay, we had a good view of Monte Diablo, a high and lonely mountain which seems to be the landmark for all the country round. We passed the San Joaquin River, and soon entered the Sacramento River, a muddy, turbid stream. All the mud from the mines is washed into this river, and pours down into the bay, and from thence to the ocean, coloring the

water for a long distance out to sea. We passed by vast quantities of *tules* or rushes, which cover the surface of the water for miles. Our arrival at Sacramento was about midnight, but we remained on board the boat until morning, and then went to the Vernon House. After breakfast we walked a short distance up the river to a fine bridge about nine hundred feet long.

After lunch we took the cars for Folsom, twenty miles from Sacramento, accompanied by a friend. We passed into the mining district, and at Folsom took a carriage. It was warm and dusty riding, as there is no rain in the summer in that section of California. After an hour's ride, reached Willow Springs, where were the mines we had come to see. This was an hydraulic mine; that is, it is worked by water. We clambered about in the excavation, saw the bed rock, upon which there is a layer of gold-bearing gravel, then one of clay,

another of gold-bearing gravel, then of clay again, and one more of gravel. They play with a hose on the gravel, and the water and gravel is washed down through long sluices, the bottom of which is made uneven by blocks of wood placed across. The bits of gold lodge on the uneven surface. In some places they cut down the gravel with pickaxes, and wash it in pans. One man washed out a spadeful of gravel for us, and we brought home a few specks of gold dust. We returned to Sacramento to dine, and after dinner I rode out to the Fair grounds, where the great State agricultural fairs are held. This is the fashionable drive in Sacramento in the afternoon. Here is a fine drive of a mile, outside of which are stalls for cattle. A gentleman told us that in 1849 he sold flour for three hundred dollars a barrel; and bought potatoes for a dollar and a half a pound. That was when California was

first known as a gold country, and so many people went thither to seek their fortunes.

The next morning, Mr. M., one of our fellow-passengers from New York to San Francisco took us a delightful drive about the city and suburbs. We saw the levees, which were erected to save the city from another flood.

“What are *levees*?” asked Willie.

They are heavy banks of earth built along the margin of the stream. The last flood took place in the winter, on December 9, 1861, and January 10, 1862. The whole city was flooded. The water rose over the table in the dining-room of the hotel in which we stayed. Houses could be reached only in boats, and no one knew how soon his dwelling might be undermined and fall. A great deal of the fertile land about Sacramento was ruined by the flood, being covered with a deep layer of gravel.

We saw the new capitol which is in

process of erection, and a large, handsome structure it will be. We passed near Sutter's Fort, where it was first discovered that there were gold mines in this country.

In 1853, the city spread over about as much ground as it now does, when it was destroyed by fire. The climate of Sacramento is very different from that of San Francisco, being much warmer. It is so far from the coast that it escapes the chilling wind that visits the latter city at certain seasons of the year.

In the afternoon we went on board the steamer Chrysopolis bound for San Francisco. We went through a slough (or, as the people pronounce it, *slew*) in the river about seven miles long.

"What is a *slough*?" asked Alice.

There was a long bend in the river, of fourteen miles, so they cut a sort of canal across it, and half the distance was saved. This canal they call a slough.

Mr. M. told us that in one of the early years of the gold excitement, there was an old man who had watermelons that were in great demand, sometimes selling for five dollars apiece. The next year a great many people wanted the seed to plant; these were sold for sixteen dollars per ounce, but not one came up; so they suppose he boiled the seeds before he sold them! We arrived at San Francisco towards midnight. At noon on Saturday we took the steamboat for Oakland, which is across the bay from San Francisco. It took its name from the number of oak-trees growing there. They give a green and pleasant appearance to the country round. California College is situated in Oakland.

On Sabbath we had the pleasure in the morning of listening to a sermon from an old friend, and in the evening grandpa told the people of what God had wrought through the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands.

Monday morning we were taken a long ride over the country about Oakland. On our way back, we stopped at Mr. B.'s orchard, and had some very nice plums, white and purple. There were nectarines, also, which have the skin of a plum and the stone of a peach; apricots, which have the skin of a peach and stone of a plum; I never knew the difference in those two fruits before. We had some delicious peaches, and brought away a branch of the almond-tree, with the nuts on it, which looked like green peaches. We then took the Oakland boat and were soon at our home in San Francisco. California is noted for its fine fruits, and sometimes we saw baskets of assorted kinds looking like those fine paintings we admire so much.

On Thursday, August 13, we bade our kind and hospitable California friends farewell, and went down to embark on the

steamer Golden Age. The kindness of our friends did not end when we left their houses, as beautiful bouquets and baskets of fruit in our staterooms testified. We parted from them with regret, for we had received nothing but kindness from their hands. Farewells were said, and San Francisco soon faded from our sight. We were again on the restless ocean, but we were *homeward bound!*

XXII.

Homeward Bound.



UNTY, aunty, please come and tell us our story," said little Alice; "we are all waiting. You know this is our last story, for we go home to-morrow." So down I went.

We were fairly at sea again. Our steamer was a very good one, and we had pleasant accommodations. Grandpa and grandma had a fine, large stateroom, and as there were not a great number of passengers, I, also, had a stateroom all to myself. I had the lower berth taken out,

and my trunks brought up and placed under my berth; then I spread down my rug, and brought in my deck chair, and my room had quite a cozy, homelike air; and I took a great deal of comfort in it. The officers on the boat were very pleasant, and we became acquainted with some of the passengers.

On Sabbath morning, eight of the younger people met together and formed a choir, practiced sacred music, and sung in the morning service, when Rev. Mr. McMonagle preached. In the afternoon we went to the forward part of the steamer, and grandpa preached to the steerage passengers, on "Christ in the ship in the storm." The choir sung, and the poor people looked so gratified and pleased to have preaching and singing that it did one's heart good.

We used to sing songs almost every evening, and it was very pleasant as we sat on the quarter-deck looking off on the

water. The moon cast her radiance over the ocean; the white foam, in a long line back, marked our track; and the brilliant stars, seeming far brighter than they do in our northern heavens, looked like diamonds in God's firmament. We sailed along easily and smoothly until the morning of August 30, when we were wakened early by the rolling of the ship, and found a hurricane upon us. It was almost impossible to dress, but after being tossed against both sides of my stateroom several times, I succeeded. What a dismal scene met my eye as I opened my door! Carpets rolled up, sofas and chairs piled in together, the marble tops of the tables taken off and lashed to the floor, skylights leaking, so that we had to choose our footing carefully, or the slippery floors and the ship's rolling would soon bring us down to the floor. On every hand crashes were heard from unlucky lamp-shades, bottles, pitch-

ers, or anything breakable that was not properly secured. The waves seemed mountain high, and the wind was so strong that their crests were blown off in spray.

After a while the captain ordered us all below. The scene in the lower cabin was dismal in the extreme. Passengers — many of them only half dressed, most of them pale from sea-sickness or fear — all crowded together on the sofas on one side of the saloon ; for the vessel lay over so that we could sit only on one row of sofas. A dozen people, perhaps, were leaning over the backs of the sofas at one time, all sea-sick. Children were crying from hunger or fright. What a scene ! We shipped wave after wave with a shock that made the vessel tremble from stem to stern. Crash followed crash. At one time the cases filled with dishes in the pantry gave way, and what a noise of broken crockery ! Three enormous bas-

kets were filled with the pieces. One of the bulkheads was knocked out, and eleven sheep were washed overboard. The butcher's shop was washed away, and two barrels of beef, one of mackerel, and one of table butter went with the rest. The heavy stoves in the steerage cook-room were turned half-way round, and the capping of the huge smokestack was moved several inches. The terrible wind lifted the hurricane-deck, so that six of its props fell out. There was danger of the upper deck and stateroom being blown away. That was a time to try people's souls, to make them consider whether they were the Lord's or not. It was a blessed thing to feel that we were in God's hands, that even if the water closed over our bodies, it would be only the gate of heaven! What happiness to be able to feel in one's heart: "My Father rules the storm." Many of us thought of grandpa's sermon

on the Sabbath, when he said, "With Christ in the ship, we may smile at the storm."

The wind was so violent that the men doing duty on deck had to lie down, and pull themselves about, or creep on their hands and knees. For two hours our forward rail was three feet under water, the vessel lay so much on one side, and for some time the ship would not mind her helm, and lay in the trough of the sea. Finally, they rigged a small sail aft, and that brought her up. He who rules the wind and the sea caused the storm to abate, and towards evening it was comparatively calm. We had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, which will give you some idea of the storm. State-rooms and clothes were in many instances wet; but no one complained, for all felt thankful for our escape. In the evening there was a meeting in the saloon,

and almost all the passengers assembled with the officers of the vessel to give thanks to God for his preserving mercy.

The next morning I rose early, so that I might see the entrance to Acapulco Harbor. This entrance is very narrow, and is surrounded by high wooded hills, forming one of the best harbors on the Pacific coast, south of San Francisco. I went on shore again; but I gave you a description of the place before.

August 27 found us at anchor off Panama. We were sorry to leave our good ship and her pleasant corps of officers. When we were in the cars, the natives brought a great many things to sell. One man would have ear-rings, the next wine, then "nice lomonard," or little ornaments of pearl-shell, while others brought fruit and cakes. After a tiresome hour, we started on our journey across the Isthmus.

One thing that attracted my attention was the telegraph-posts ; they looked like stone, but were made of concrete.

“What is *concrete* ?” asked Harry.

In this instance, I suppose it was a composition made of pounded stone and cement cast in a mold. The mold was filled in with concrete and left for several days. The reason of their having such posts was that the worms destroyed the wooden ones.

The natives brought into the cars some beautiful flowers. They were of alabaster whiteness, in shape not unlike a tulip, and having a strong perfume somewhat like the magnolia. Resting within the cup of the flower, lies the perfect image of a dove, with its beautifully formed wings spread out from its side, its head bent forward, and its tiny bill delicately tipped with red almost touching its snowy breast. No one who has seen the flower can wonder that the early Spanish Catholics be-

lieved the flowers to have had a miraculous origin, and named it "Flor del Espiritu Santo" or "The Flower of the Holy Ghost."

Matachin is the largest station on the Isthmus. There we procured oranges, which were unusually fine, also cakes tasting like macaroons, and some bottles of milk.

Over the Chagres River at Barbacoas, is a wrought-iron bridge six hundred and twenty-five feet long and eighteen broad, standing forty feet above the surface of the water; it is said to be one of the longest and finest bridges in the world. All along the road the sensitive plant, with its feathery pink blossoms, grew in wild profusion.

At half-past eight in the evening we were on board the steamer *Champion*. We soon commenced our last voyage, and *such* a voyage! The vessel rolled, and the ice in the hold gave out, and in conse-

quence the meat was in no fit state to eat. Every body and every thing seemed uncomfortable. It was a great change from the clean and pleasant Golden Age. We saw the islands of San Domingo, Narvasa, Jamaica, Cuba, Santa Inagua, and Mayo Guano, of the West Indies.

On the morning of September 3, we were chased by a steamer. She was under sail when we first saw her, but commenced getting up steam. She lost time in that operation, and we outsailed her, much to our joy. Our captain said without doubt she was a privateer.

Next day we were in the Gulf Stream. It was rough, squally, and rainy, and the steamer rolled worse than ever. But all things come to an end, and the next day was bright and pleasant. We left the Gulf Stream in the night and were happy in a smooth sea. Six or seven ships were in sight, and in the afternoon we

passed Barnegat Lighthouse, then Highland Light. We saw the lights in the hotels at Long Branch, and finally the light on Sandy Hook beamed on our delighted eyes.

At two o'clock Sabbath morning, September 6, we lay at anchor off quarantine, and at five we were at the wharf in New York, — our voyage ended. After much delay and confusion, we got ourselves and baggage on and in a carriage, and soon were receiving the greetings of friends.

Surely, we ought to sing with our whole hearts that beautiful hymn of Addison : —

“ How are thy servants blest, O Lord !

How sure is their defense !

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,

Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes they pass **unhurt**,

And breathe in tainted air.

“ When by the dreadful tempest borne

High on the broken wave,

They know thou art not slow to hear,

Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

“ In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
My life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.”

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Prof. A. C. Cushman

